The Outlook

DECEMBER 21, 1921

LABOR IN COURT

EFFORTS to settle the extensive strike of the New York City garment workers (involving originally about 60,000 workers) have been sidetracked to await the decision of the courts as to the legal validity of an injunction against the employers granted by Judge Guy.

This is an interesting novelty in the history of industrial warfare. Usually the employer asks for an injunction against the strikers. Without the slightest bias as to the merits of this case, we may at least welcome all attempts to have labor contracts surveyed and enforced by law. If, as The Outlook has urged, labor unions were forced to incorporate, and thereby to become financially responsible for their actions, it is certain that more disputes might be adjusted by legal process instead of by the senseless process of finding by strikes which party would suffer the most injury before giving in.

The present injunction proceeding is the Danbury Hatters case over again, with the rôles reversed. If the unions win, theoretically at least they could hold the individual firms composing the Cloak, Suit, and Skirt Manufacturers' Association liable for damages assessed, just as in the Danbury Hatters case individual workers were forced to sell their houses to pay damages. The garment workers ask the Court to restrain the employers from violating the terms of a three-year agreement entered into in 1919 and from conspiring to establish a piece-work system and longer hours in the women's garment trade. The injunction was granted subject to review by the courts, and is now actually in force temporarily.

Meanwhile, according to newspaper accounts, 375 independent manufacturers, employing 14,000 workers, have accepted union contracts and resumed manufacture. The State Industrial Board is ready and eager to investigate the intricate trade conditions and differences involved and to encourage conciliation, but both sides insist on awaiting the decision of the courts.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER

DISTURBING reports appear from time to time about the treatment of disabled soldiers. Late in particular, there have been repeated charges of neglect, uncleanliness, lack of discipline, and other improper conditions in the Polyclinic, Fox Hills, and Hudson Street Hospitals in New York City. One complaint as to the Polyclinic says the conditions are "a cruel insult to the helpless wounded there;" another, from the American Legion, speaks of "poor housekeeping" and "no discipline." The New York State Commander of the American Legion is quoted as saying that "unbelievable conditions" exist. One reason alleged is that of the $18,000,000 appropriated by Congress for new hospitals very little has been spent for new hospitals in New York. So far as we have seen, the complaints do not relate to medical service, but to negligence, unwholesome conditions, and unsuitable quarters.

Underwood

ELDERLY EAST SIDE GARMENT WORKERS DISCUSSING THE STRIKE IN NEW YORK CITY

Neither The Outlook nor the public at large is competent to pass on the facts. It is evident, however, that there is need of a thorough investigation. To reach satisfactory conclusions we suggest that competent and experienced civilians should be appointed to aid army officers and Public Health Board officials in the inquiry.

The disabled soldier is not a pauper nor a recipient of charity. He is an honored guest of the Nation. Not only must his physical rehabilitation be aided by all the skill of medical science, but his comfort, his mental welfare, and even his personal pleasure must be considered. He must be well fed, cared for with tact and patience, and surrounded with clean and comfortable conditions. If it is said that money is lacking, let Congress appropriate more; if the money has been misspent, let punishment follow; even lack of money will not excuse filthy or badly located hospitals. Once let the American people become convinced that their disabled soldiers are being ill treated or neglected and there will be an outburst of wrath that will startle indolent politicians and incompetent hospital officials.

CLEVELAND THE LATEST CONVERT

THE city of Cleveland is the latest convert to the city-manager plan. As Cleveland is our fifth city in population, the fact is significant.

The plan provides that the City Council shall appoint a City Manager (a city executive) for an indefinite term. The Council shall have the right at any time to remove him. Thus the voters can constantly control the executive instead of once every two years, as has been the case with the Mayor. The Council is charged with the duty of selecting the Manager exclusively for his administrative ability. The Manager is authorized to appoint all department heads, the subordinate officers and employees being Civil Service appointees, and is responsible for the results. Despite all this, the city-manager plan might not have polled so large a vote in Cleveland but for the fact that at the last election there were seven candidates for Mayor and the average was not high. This exhibit made a strong impression upon the public mind, and the people seemed to say, "Let's try another way of handling our city affairs." Another contributing cause was the evident lack of efficient service in a number of municipal departments, especially finance; taxation per capita was shown to be much greater than in Akron and Dayton, Ohio city-manager-plan communities.

Cleveland also instituted a reform in the method of electing its City Council. Proportional representation was provided for. Under the plan, as approved, voters may indicate first, second, third, and fourth choices for candidates for the Council—in fact, they may indicate as many choices as there are candidates. Any man may get his name on the ballot by presenting a petition signed by five hundred voters. The way that the plan would work out is like this: Let us suppose there are 40,000 voters and seven seats in the Council to be filled. The minimum number of votes to elect each of seven men must be determined. This number must be such that not more than seven can be elected. The number would be 5,001, since eight candidates could not possibly have 5,001 votes

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apiece with the casting of but 40,000 votes. Suppose the first candidate receives 6,001 first-choice votes, or a thousand more than necessary. The checkers remove from this candidate's first-choice votes a thousand votes. These are then distributed according to their second-choice indications until the second candidate has received his required number of votes for election. The rest of the votes are similarly distributed until seven men have 5,001 votes each. They are the elected representatives to the Council.

PROMOTIONS PAY

PRESIDENT HARDING recently sent to the Senate the names of eighty-five consuls for promotion. The Senate at once confirmed them. This event represents a more orderly application of the principles governing consular promotions than has hitherto existed. It also calls attention to the history of the merit system in the American consular service.

The duty of an American consul is to enhance American commercial interests and prestige abroad. To do this we must have continuity of policy. The office of consul is a business office; it should be divorced from party politics. Yet changes in Presidential administration have brought wholesale changes in our consular service. Men with little or no knowledge of the duties of a consul have replaced those of both knowledge and experience; our prestige abroad has thus suffered because of the lack of proper continuity.

It was in 1895 that President Cleveland issued an Executive Order providing for the filling of consulates where the salaries did not exceed $2,500 by transfer or promotion, or, after an examination, by new appointment. In 1906 Congress passed the Lodge Bill, perpetuating in law the above regulations (a reactionary President might have withdrawn them) and also classifying the consular service. Later in the same year President Roosevelt issued an Executive Order extending the Cleveland Order to grades above a $2,500 salary and providing that "no promotion shall be made except for efficiency, as shown by the work that the officer has accomplished, the ability, promptness, and diligence displayed by him in the performance of all his official duties, his conduct, and his fitness for the consular service." This reform was further strengthened by President Taft's Executive Order of 1910, and, in 1915 by Congress, in the spirit of the Roosevelt Order, through its direction to the Secretary of State to "report from time to time . . . along with his recommendations for promotion . . . the names of those consular officers . . . who, by reason of efficient service, . . . have demonstrated special efficiency."

The result of the working out of these successive stages of reform has given to us a consular service developing from inadequacy towards efficiency. It has been found that promotions *pay*.

PROTECT THE LIVES OF PASSENGERS!

ONE of the most shocking disasters in the railway history of this country took place on December 5, on a local branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad between Bryn Athyn and Churchville. The loss of life was relatively large, somewhere between twenty and thirty, but what makes the calamity peculiarly heartrending is the fact that many of these deaths and many terrible injuries were caused by the fire which spread almost instantaneously through the wreckage. The accounts we have seen in Philadelphia papers of the suffering entailed are ghastly, and it is impossible to read them without emotion. The fire spread through the wreckage, say these accounts, almost instantaneously; three cars were "torn to matchwood," says one writer, and he adds, "Hot coals from the twisted bulk of the locomotives poured a flood of agony and death on helpless passengers pinioned in the shattered coaches."

The immediate cause of the accident was beyond question the negligence of the conductor of one of the trains (in which the engineer may or may not have shared) in not reading his telegraphic orders or not understanding them. But there were certain circumstances which lead to the inquiry in the interests of the traveling public everywhere as to whether better methods of safeguarding life ought not to be enforced—and especially so on local railways. This was a head-on collision, and one may almost say that such collisions ought to be impossible under proper railway rules.

If the accounts given in the Philadelphia "North American" are correct, there were three things in this accident that should serve as a warning.

In the first place, the cars were wooden, and to this was due the completeness of the smash-up of the cars and the rapidity with which fire spread. What reason can be given why the use of steel cars on railways should not be extended so as to become practically universal? The Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania declares that the State Legislature should enact laws to prohibit the use of anything except steel cars on the railways in the State.

In the second place, there was a sharp curve at the entrance to a deep cut. A glance at published photographs, such as have been shown in the moving pictures, instantly suggests to the eye that the engineer of a train coming around this curve could not see what was beyond him until the curve had been rounded. A sharp curve in a cut is a dangerous and deadly thing.

In the third place, there was no signal in the five-mile stretch of railway between the two stations named above. The "North American" says, "There was no device either mechanical or humanly operating which could notify the engineers of the two trains" after they had left Bryn Athyn and Churchville, respectively. It comments also on the signals at or near those places as "typical of last-century signal practice." It seems incredible that such conditions could exist on a single-track railway, in which every possible precaution is doubly necessary. As it was, the telegraph operator at Bryn Athyn, when he looked out and saw the train speeding away contrary to orders and knew that a collision was inevitable, could do absolutely nothing but wring his hands and wait for the sound of the crash.

Nothing is better proved than that disaster cannot be inevitably averted by relying solely on the human brain. In the worst collision that has taken place in the State of New Jersey for many years, namely, that at Elizabethport in March, 1920, a trusted engineer of a fast express ran straight by a conspicuous red signal without seeing it. In the present case the conductor's mind simply seems to have failed to function.

The conclusion is that if we are to avert death and torture like that in this case the railways must be required to check and double check one system of protection by another. No doubt the disaster near Bryn Athyn will be investigated thoroughly. We are not pretending to lay blame, but we urge that civic authorities and railway officials the country over should assure themselves that there are no other stretches of railway track that are open to the charges which have been made in this case.

HOW AMERICA SAVES THE STARVING

THE first bill to be passed by the United States Senate on the day of its convening in regular session was one directing the War Department to send its extra medical and surgical supplies to Russia to aid the needy there. This appropriately coincided with President Harding's Message to Congress, in which he recommended an appropriation to supply the American Relief Administration with ten million bushels of corn and one million bushels of seed grain, not alone to avert starvation in Russia but to enable spring planting in areas where the seed grains have been exhausted.

The American Relief Administration,

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MANY GOODLY CREATURES ARE THERE HERE!

(Tempest, Act V, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

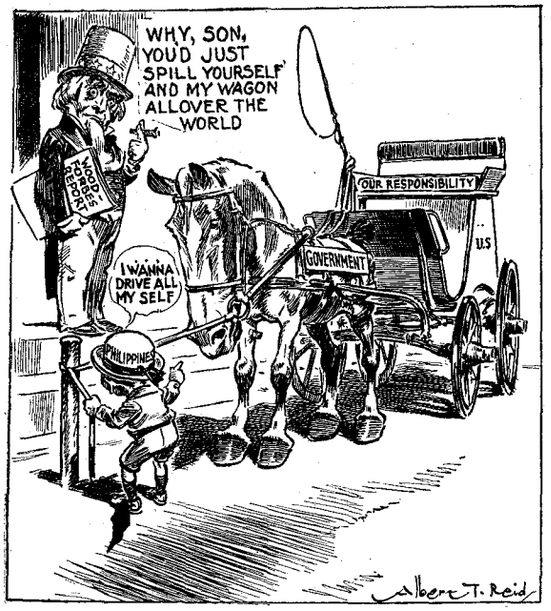
THE BRITISH DILEMMA

From Margaret Flanders, Columbus, Ohio

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

THE MODERN ST. GEORGE AND HIS DRAGONS

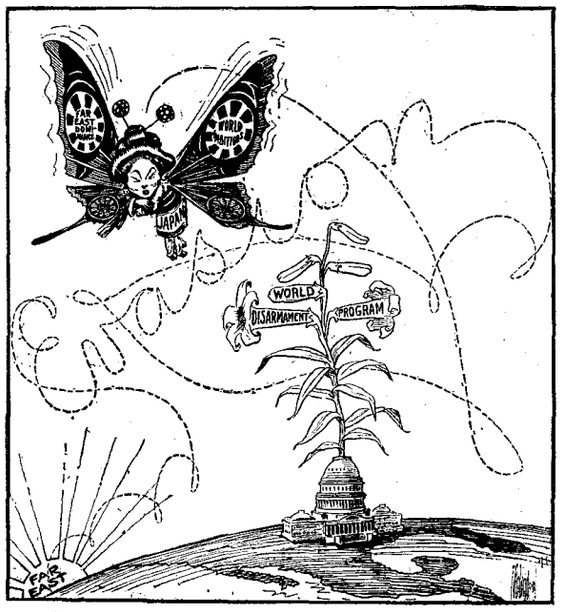
Reid in the New York Evening Mail



CONFIDENCE RATHER ONE-SIDED

From Mrs. R. E. Westfall, Columbus, Ohio

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



MADAM BUTTERFLY

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TEN DOLLARS WILL SEND THESE STAPLES TO RUSSIA

supported by the American public, is now giving a free meal daily to some 750,000 children in Russia. By January 1, 1922, it will be feeding 1,000,000, and by February, 1,200,000. This is all that the Administration's present resources justify it in undertaking.

The work will be carried on until September, 1922, it being deemed essential to success that all children taken on be surely cared for until the next harvest is garnered. To do otherwise would be to avert a tragedy for a short time only to make it the more hideous later.

Of course the American Relief Administration's work reaches only part of the starving children in Russia. In addition to the children, too, the starving adults remain to be fed. All told, there are at least fifteen million famine sufferers in Russia, and an equal number are rapidly approaching that status.

The American public, in general, is doing all it can to help, and the necessities of the Russian children are monopolizing its activities. But a particular section of this public might do something, namely, the Russians in the United States and Americans of Russian extraction. Hence the American Relief Administration offers to these persons an opportunity, so far as they are able, to buy Food Drafts, like those successfully used in 1919–20 in sustaining large numbers of Austrians, Poles, and others connected by ties of blood and friendship with residents of this country.

FOOD DRAFTS

For instance, let us suppose that a Russian named Boris Guchkov, living in Chicago, has an uncle, Nicolas Guchkov, in Samara, in the Russian famine area. Boris wants to send food to Nicolas. Boris's first impulse is to buy food at retail at Chicago and post it to his uncle. But Boris finds that the charge for carriage would amount to more than the purchase price. He also finds that the food might never reach Nicolas.

Just here the American Relief Administration comes to Boris's help. He may write to its Russian Department, Room 527, 42 Broadway, New York City, and receive an application to fill out and sign, adding the recipient's name and address in both English and Russian and return to the A. R. A., accompanied by a certified check, New York draft, postal money order, or American Express money order made payable to the A. R. A. for the amount of the food remittances desired.

Remittances may be bought in units of $10. A sample package to be delivered against a $10 remittance is as follows:

10 lbs. sugar
10 lbs. rice
49 lbs. flour
20 cans evaporated milk
3 lbs. tea
10 lbs. beans
10 lbs. cooking fats

On receipt of the filled-out application and a check the A. R. A. New York Office notifies its Moscow headquarters that Boris Guchkov, of Chicago, has bought the specified quantity of food for delivery to Nicolas Guchkov, of Samara. Moscow, in turn, notifies the Samara warehouse, and it notifies Nicolas to call for the food. Up to the time that the food is delivered to Nicolas at the warehouse door and he signs a receipt for it the A. R. A. assumes all risk. But if the recipient, whoever he be, should live at a great distance from the nearest warehouse and request that the food be sent to him, the A. R. A.'s responsibility ends when it delivers the food to the post.

All this arrangement is undertaken by the A. R. A. on the understanding that the recipient shall get three-quarters of the food authorized by the remittances, the remaining quarter to be turned over to the A. R. A. free child-feeding kitchens. Thus the American sender is compelled to contribute to the aid of the Russian children, while his relative or friend abroad still receives more food than one could buy at retail here for $10 and more than double that which would be delivered by post, even if the delivery were certain.

ALICE IN HUNGERLAND

We know what happened to a million Armenians in 1915. But we do not appreciate the fate of the children who survived that tragedy. Our task is to provide for those whom war has left desolate.

Throughout the Near East, from Constantinople to Persia, starvation, tuberculosis, and cholera hold sway. As a graphic demonstration of this a film has just been shown in New York City and is ready to be shown throughout the country.

The moving picture shows the adventures in the Near East of a little American girl named Alice. This Alice goes to Hungerland instead of Wonderland. She manages to stow herself on a ship carrying food supplies and joins her father in Constantinople. Under his guidance, Alice observes both the conditions of distress and suffering and the measures taken to overcome them. She sees things horrible even to describe, and, indeed, it is a little trying to the sensitiveness of those who see the film to imagine a child gazing at some of these horrors. But she also sees American food and clothes unloaded and transshipped from the great relief station at the port of Derindje; later she sees in Transcaucasia and Armenia many children trained in agriculture and industries under the guidance of the Near East Relief, to which the Armenian Government has granted thousands of acres of land on which American tractors, cultivators, and plows are now in use; she sees also rescued children making their own clothes under directions of the Relief agents out of cast-off American garments and even from empty flour sacks.

The Near East Relief is taking direct care of over a hundred thousand children and is looking out for many more. It has established more than two hundred orphanages and well toward one hundred hospitals, but of course these cannot accommodate all those who desire admittance.

Five dollars means the difference between hunger, cold, and death and life and happiness to some little child. What a chance for a Christmas gift! The office of the treasurer of the Near East Relief is at 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ABDUL BAHA

Abdul Baha Abbas, head of the Babist or Bahaist movement, is dead at the age of seventy-seven years. He was born in Persia, where the movement had its inception about the middle of the last century. Its founder was Mirza Ali Mohammed, who called himself "The Bab"—that is to say, the gate through which men could arrive at the knowl-

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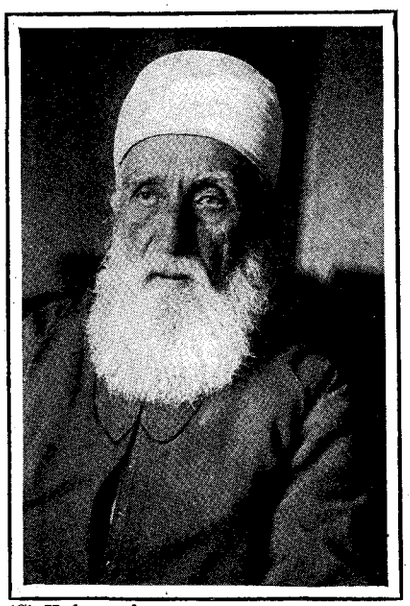
edge of God. Moses, Christ, and Mohammed were ranked prophets, though inferior to the Bab. After six years of teaching the Bab was assassinated in 1850.

Then there appeared one Baha' Ullah, a Persian noble, who proclaimed himself the messenger whose coming had been foretold by the Bab. He advised his followers not to separate themselves from other people or to denounce those of other beliefs. He exhorted all to lay aside the superstitions of past ages. He declared for the abolition of war, the settlement of international disputes by arbitration; urged the Bahais to be law-abiding citizens; and declared that harshness and hatred were to be overcome by gentleness and love. He approved of monogamy, the equality of sexes, and universal education. He forbade slavery, intoxicants as a beverage, habit-forming drugs, and gambling. Bahaism did not, however, merely represent the oneness of the world of humanity. It also represented revolt from ecclesiastical authority—Mohammed primarily—and the substitution for lives bound by dogma and ritual of those founded on the independent investigation of truth and the recognition that the base of all religions is one; that religion and reason must accord and that there can be companionship with a personal Supreme Deity.

Baha' Ullah died in 1892, and his son, Abdul Baha Abbas, took up the expansion of this quietist cult. Persecuted by the Turks, he was in 1907 released from prison and afterwards dwelt on Mount Carmel, Syria. In 1912 he visited the United States. Last June a correspondent of the New York "World" who visited Abdul Baha described him as "a majestic, venerable figure, clad in the flowing aba, his head crowned with a turban white as his head and hair," and with "piercing, deep-set eyes, whose glances shake the heart;" finally, with a "smile that poured its sweetness over all."



(C) Underwood

ABDUL BAHA, LEADER OF THE BAHAI MOVEMENT

PRINCESS MARY'S BETROTHAL

In some respects England is more democratic than is America. But the development of democracy there has not impaired the popularity of the royal house; the English people seem intenser than ever in their loyalty to it and in their interest in everything connected with it. Hence the enthusiasm with which Princess Mary's betrothal to Viscount Lascelles has been received by the people, an enthusiasm accentuated by the fact that she is to marry an Englishman, not a foreigner. There was little popular relish at the prospect that the only daughter of the King and Queen should be relegated to some other royal house, following the example of other English princesses who have married Hohenzollerns and Romanovs. Instead, Princess Mary is following three notable recent examples in finding the man of her choice in the British Isles.

Even if he were not rich, his future wife would be able to earn her own living. She is a trained nurse, having served her apprenticeship in the great Ormond Street Hospital in London. She is an expert needlewoman. She has a fluent command of foreign languages. She is a notable athlete. Brought up with her brothers, she wanted to do everything that they did. When they were studying at the Naval College, she joined them in their practical instruction on a brig moored for the purpose in Virginia Water in Windsor Park. She plays a good game of cricket. She rides as well as does the Prince of Wales and better than do her other brothers. Last season she followed the Brampton Moor pack of foxhounds, of which Lord Lascelles is joint master.

(C) Keystone

PRINCESS MARY

UNREST IN INDIA[1]

When the delegates of nine nations assembled for the public session of the Washington Conference, one of them, seated at the green-covered table with those representing the British Empire, was conspicuous. He is the only one who in his dress suggests the Orient, for about his head is bound a white cloth in one of the forms of headdress distinctive of India. This is Mr. Sastri. He represents a land with a population nearly three times that of the United States, and twice as numerous as that which, it is estimated, was under the rule of the Roman Empire.

While Mr. Sastri is sitting there in Washington with the rest of the British delegates, the heir to the British throne, which is also the throne of the Empire of India, is visiting that seat of ancient Eastern civilization. When the Prince of Wales left Great Britain, there was some fear for his safety; and these fears have not been diminished by reports of the violence which has been a sinister element in India's greeting to the Prince.

Though this violence is sporadic, it represents discontent that is general. India, which has been more like a continent of nations than a nation itself, more like a group of principalities and races and religions and languages rather than a unified state or country, has within the past generation been developing rapidly the feeling of unity. In fact, like the name India, this sense of unity is derived from the British. In large measure it is a product of remonstrances against abuses incident to British rule. In spite of the undeniable service that the British have rendered in India not only by contributing to the material welfare of its people but also by introducing into India many institutions of justice and freedom, the discontent has grown, and to-day it is probably greater than ever before.

In the eyes of some of the British this discontent has appeared to be wholly unreasonable and worthy of no other treatment than suppression. In the eyes of some of the extreme agitators in India the attitude of the British seems to be that of usurpers seeking to exploit the land for their own benefit.

Under these circumstances, we need not ask what either extreme thinks of the other, for we could almost frame the answer ourselves; but it is worth while

[1] An article on the Indian problem from the pen of the experienced English journalist, P. W. Wilson, will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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to inquire whether it is possible for a man to represent in his own mind and his own course of action the feeling of the people of India and yet remain a loyal subject of the British Empire. This is what makes Mr. Sastri more than a picturesque figure at the Conference.

Perhaps Americans can understand the situation in India if they look at it through the eyes of the men of India of whom Mr. Sastri is a representative.

Nearly forty years ago the British Government sent to India, as representative of the crown, the Marquis of Ripon. A law was proposed to give to qualified native judges or magistrates of India authority to preside in courts in which English and other European offenders were tried. Lord Ripon's attitude at that time, which showed that he did not share the outcry on the part of the British residents in India against the bill, made him very popular among the people of India of various classes and races, and when he left India representatives from all parts of India gathered to give him an ovation at Bombay.

This was the first time in history, so far as we know, that chosen representatives of various parts of India ever gathered together for a common purpose. Out of this gathering grew a so-called national congress, which has met periodically since that time. During the intervening time British officials in India failed to realize the extent and depth of the feeling which began as a demonstration which was no more anti-British than pro-British, but was for the first time in history a sign of Indian nationalism. If British officialdom had taken a progressive attitude and had welcomed the thought of developing slowly and gradually but surely the spirit and institutions of self-government in India, the latter troubles of Great Britain in India would have been, in the eyes of men who think as Mr. Sastri does, largely, if not wholly, prevented. Instead of that, however, the governing power in India has resorted again and again to suppression of legitimate desire for larger freedom. Measures have been passed which not only prevent such discussion of reforms that are a legitimate subject of public debate in any free country, but which enable authorities to seize men whom they regard as dangerous and without trial keep them under restraint. In fact, such a law was adopted after the end of the World War, and, though never employed, it created such indignation as to threaten extensive disorders in India.

One of the leaders in India for the removal of arbitrary forms of restraint, and indeed for independence of British rule, is Gandhi. He has urged upon all

(C) Clinedinst

THE RT. HON. SRINAVASA SASTRI

who have come under his influence a policy of disobedience to British authority. He has distinctly and continually urged his followers against violence and has made it a point to limit their resistance to passive resistance. His character is so generally admired, his ascetic and self-denying life has won him such praise and confidence, that his influence has extended far beyond the circle of his coreligionists. Against such an agitator suppression takes the aspect of persecution. Indeed, in one case at least it became an infamous outrage. It is true that on this occasion there was disorder; but the officials took fright, and as a result of panic, which is always close to brutality, permitted the soldiers to fire upon a defenseless crowd, with consequences approaching massacre. The officials responsible for this were finally censured as imprudent and injudicious.

Meantime the British supplied a large part of the people of India with a new grievance. When the war with Germany was seen to be a desperate matter, the British Government called for troops from India. The Mohammedans hesitated to take up arms against the ally of the Sultan, the religious head of Mussulmans. It was then that the British Government assured their Mohammedan subjects that this would not be a war against Islam and that the protector of the sacred places of their religion would in no way lose his temporal authority. The British Government has not kept its pledge. From the point of view of the Mohammedan of India, that is a wicked breach of faith. The Turkish Empire has been broken up. Because they trusted in their masters, these Mohammedans now find that they have been used to weaken the head of their religion. And the other people of India who do not share the Mohammedan faith can, and many of them do, share these Mohammedans' indignation.

It is true that in spite of all these things reforms have been instituted. The Montagu Bill has been enacted and has extended the right of natives of India to participate in the rule of their own country. This very measure, however, has been a cause of unrest. It has fallen so far short of what many in India have demanded that they regard it with displeasure as a means to mollify recalcitrants rather than to establish liberty. Men of liberal mind in India recognize this element in the unrest without necessarily fully sharing it.

The point of view which we have tried to present is not one which all, or even a majority, of the British people in India or in Great Britain can be expected to share; but it is one which is entirely consistent with the belief that British rule in India has been invaluable, that it will continue to be necessary for India's welfare, and that it will be the surest means of developing India to such a point that it will before very long become as independent within the British Empire as is Canada or Australia or South Africa. These men of India have no excuse to offer for any of the blindness of British officialdom to the true conditions; they have nothing but condemnation for the brutality which has recently stained the record of the British Government. They believe, however, that as these things cannot be undone they should be remembered only as a warning for the people and not as a cause for retaliation in any way. They believe, in fact they are certain, that the British in India have been awakened by recent disturbances and are now anxious and eager to reconcile the people of India to themselves and to earn that reconciliation. They believe that such reforms as have already been instituted represent not a permanent plan but a state of transition. They are setting themselves to the task of developing a greater measure of liberty and justice under the protection of Britain. They know that India cannot protect herself; she has no trained military officers, no military traditions, sufficient to secure a system of united self-defense. They are seeking to impress upon the British the need for the training of the men of India not merely as soldiers, but, wherever capacity shows itself, as officers. They believe that they can persuade Great Britain to see that this is necessary not only for the de-

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velopment of India but for the safety of the British Empire itself.

This is the situation which can be seen behind the turbaned figure at Washington.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS

FOR four years the spirit of war ruled in the hearts of men. The lust of power and the love of liberty were engaged in an awful campaign. The divine wrath of justice and the devilish wrath of disappointed ambition and wounded self-love inflamed the combatants.

To-day the spirit of peace is in the air. The world desires peace, hopes for peace, hesitatingly expects peace. Never before were so many capitalists and workingmen engaged in an endeavor to find some better method of settling labor disputes than a strike, some better method of co-operation in industry than the alternating autocracy of capital and of labor. Representative Englishmen and Irishmen have sat around the same council table in an endeavor to understand each other's rights, interests, and temperaments. Representatives of great peoples have met together, not for the purpose of international bargaining, but for the purpose of arriving at an international good understanding.

It is true that there are some industrial agitators who resist every attempt to establish co-operation between laborers and capitalists—with industrial peace the agitator's occupation would be gone; some Irish-Americans who scout the idea of a peaceful settlement of the age-long controversy between Ireland and England—they are dissatisfied with the agreement proposed because it contents some Englishmen; some new-born nations which have not yet discovered any better way of settling a disputed question about boundary-lines than fighting over it. Such survivals of the war spirit in men too combative in temper and too reactionary in intellect to comprehend the spirit of their age are always to be expected in revolutionary times.

That we are in the midst of a revolution is strikingly illustrated by the contrast between the League at Versailles and the Conference at Washington. The League was an international organization, with a written constitution, an Executive Council, and power conferred upon that Council to call into existence, under certain contingencies, an international army to enforce the Council's decisions. This Executive Council, with its power of the sword, was rightly regarded by President Wilson as the keystone of the arch. The Conference at Washington is temporary, and will undoubtedly be followed by other conferences, but it has made no provision for a permanent international organization and no promise of any, has entertained no thought and heard no suggestion of an international army; on the contrary, has initiated its meetings by a dramatic sheathing of the sword. Versailles would substitute an international sword for the swords of the nations; Washington would substitute for the armies and navies of the world an appeal to the reason and the conscience of the people. The radical nature of the difference was well expressed in a conversation reported in his letter last week by our Washington correspondent:

> The other day I was talking over some of these questions of the Far East with an admiral of the United States Navy. We agreed that America would never make a pledge by treaty to go to war to enforce a policy in China, and that even if she did a war would not necessarily settle it.
>
> "What can settle it?" I asked.
>
> "There's only one thing," he answered; "moral force."

The discovery of steam revealed a new power in mechanics, and modern civilization depends on our ability by the use of steam to substitute the muscles of nature for the muscles of men and of brutes. Christianity by its appeal to the reason and the conscience of men revealed a power always existent but never used in Greece and Rome, and never used to-day in pagan lands except as they have been modified by Christian teaching and the Christian spirit. When men have learned to regard each other's rights and interests and respect each other's opinions, they have acquired a power of co-operation in thought and action which before they did not possess. Government the authority of which depends on the sword is never a free government. What secures for the people of the United States order and peace is the power of public opinion. The straitjacket is reserved for the lunatic, the handcuffs for the criminal. America in proposing to depend in international affairs on the moral force on which she depends so largely in National affairs is restating the principle which Daniel Webster so eloquently described nearly a century ago:

> The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies and subsidies were the principal reliance even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and as it grows more intelligent and more intense it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, inextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,
>
> Vital in every part . . .
> Cannot, but by annihilation, die.[1]

We cannot agree with those who think that the use of force by police and by armies is always inconsistent with the principles and the spirit of Christianity. But no impartial student of history can doubt that Christianity's influence has always had the tendency to substitute moral force for military force, the power of conscience for the power of the sword. The Washington Conference marks strikingly one stage in this progress toward peace founded on justice; its moral influence is certainly not less than its political influence; and it can well be regarded as an international celebration of the first Christmas message—On earth peace, good will toward men.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY

THE momentous issue as to Ireland's future is, as we write, before the two parliamentary bodies of Ireland and Great Britain for acceptance or rejection. There is no question whatever that Great Britain will ratify heartily its Prime Minister's plan; the recent vote of approval of Mr. Lloyd George and the general acclaim by press and leading men of the agreement signed on December 6 proves that.

The indications are strong also that the plan will be accepted for Southern Ireland by its Dail Eireann. When Cardinal Logue and the Irish Catholic bishops join with the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, when men so far apart as Michael Collins and Sir Horace Plunkett, as Arthur Griffith and Sir Hamar Greenwood, join in acceptance of the plan as fair and reasonable, there should be little doubt that sensible and moderate men will see that it would be a crime to reject Ireland's great opportunity for self-government. As for the rank and file of Irish patriots, many are to-day repeating the words of a released prisoner, "What's good enough for Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins is good enough for me."

The long time spent in negotiations has not been wasted. It has done some-

[1] Address on the Revolution in Greece, January 19, 1824.

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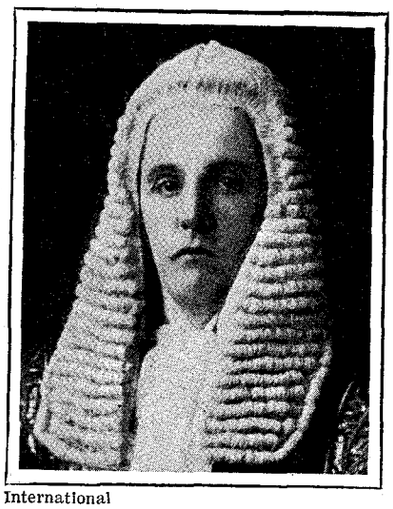
CREATORS OF THE NEW IRISH FREE STATE

Keystone

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

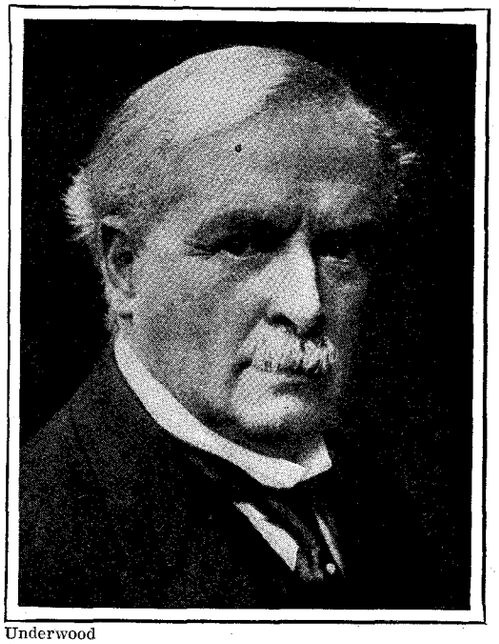


International

LORD BIRKENHEAD

International

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD



Underwood

LLOYD GEORGE

International

ARTHUR GRIFFITH

Keystone

MICHAEL COLLINS

International

ROBERT C. BARTON

International

GEORGE GAVAN DUFFY

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thing to develop respect on each side for the opinions of the other side, and a great deal to create on both sides the desire for peaceable relations between England and Ireland.

What danger there is of failure is from pride, sentiment, prejudice, the romantic glamour of an unattainable ideal. The proposals agreed upon are sound in principle. They establish self-government in as full form as exists anywhere in the group of free peoples making up the Empire. Beyond that no Prime Minister could go without a direct mandate from Parliament after a general election—nor would such a mandate be then given.

The text of the Irish treaty with Great Britain is admirably drawn to satisfy Irish aspirations and susceptibilities. Take the first article, for instance:

> ARTICLE I. Ireland shall have the same constitutional status in the community of nations known as the British Empire as the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, with a Parliament having powers to make laws for peace and order and good government in Ireland, and an executive responsible to that Parliament, and shall be styled and known as the Irish Free State.

And so with following articles; over and over it is proclaimed that Ireland's standing shall be that of Canada. To flout this manner of approach is beyond reason. Only such dreamers as De Valera, who cannot lay aside the chimera of instant and absolute independence, can refuse to enter the brotherhood of British free states on equal terms. So with the vote of allegiance; it offers fealty to the Irish Free State and the King "in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

The treaty's solution of the Ulster difficulty is as simple as Columbus's egg. Take your choice, says the treaty in effect. Come in now, or stay out. If you stay out, Ulster's boundaries with South Ireland must be determined justly, and Ulster will govern itself under the revised Home Rule Act, and in its outer relations will be subject to the British Parliament. The indications are, as we write, that Ulster will stay out. As to the Ulster problem, there ought to be full recognition of the fact that the solution would not have been possible if Griffith and Collins and George Gavan Duffy (Duffy's Irish signature to the treaty, by the way, is Seorsa Ghabgain Ui Dhubhthaigh) had not waived the Sinn Fein demand of an all-Ireland state or none. De Valera laid more stress on this than on anything else; his colleagues saw the wisdom of compromise.

If the Irish Free State comes into being, the event will not only end the hundreds of years of bitterness and bloodshed; it will open an era of prosperity. The agricultural possibilities under co-operation are especially great. The movement was progressing finely when the recent troubles gave it a terrible blow. Sir Horace Plunkett, in an article in the "Survey," says that the problem was "how to make a people who are not farmers prosper in a country dependent upon farming." He adds: "It is, however, safe to say that the co-operative principle and plan are so firmly established in the minds of rural Ireland that it is only a question of time before the entire farming industry will be developed upon co-operative lines." This same special Irish issue of the "Survey" contains, we may add, an extremely interesting group of articles, admirably illustrated, on phases of the question "What Would the Irish Do With Ireland?"

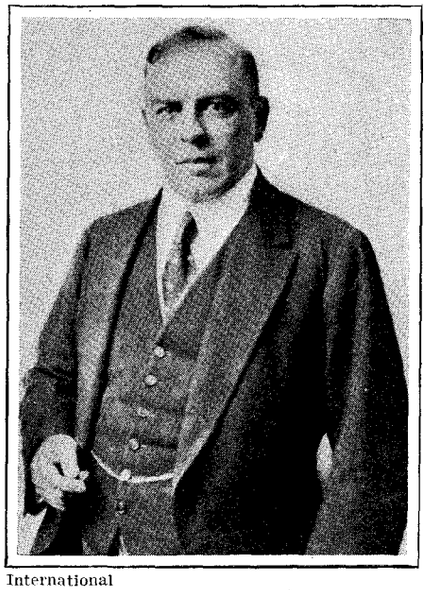
The Irish conference has lasted for five months. At times it seemed impossible that an agreement should be reached. The signing of the memorable agreement of December 6, be the outcome what it may, was a triumph for conciliation, concession, the substitution of a sincere effort to come together, in place of hatred and prejudice. Lloyd George said that the day of signing was the happiest of his life. It was a political accomplishment of import for him, a striking example of his patience and persistence. Warm praise is due also to those Irish members of the conference who put the true interest of their country above rancor and historical hostility.

It is not too much to say that the signing of the Irish agreement may well mark a new advance in the world's civilization.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM D. M. LE BOURDAIS

THE outstanding feature of the Canadian general elections held on December 6 was the overwhelming defeat of the Meighen Government. Mr. Meighen himself and nine members of his Cabinet failed of re-election. Of the 120 seats formerly held by Conservatives, only 49 were retained. Out of nine provinces, five will be entirely without Conservative representation in the next Parliament. In Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan, with a total of 113 seats, the Conservatives did not elect a single member. In British Columbia they got 7 out of 13; in Alberta, 1 out of 13 (and then only by the slim majority of 6 votes in a three-cornered contest); and in New Brunswick, 5 out of 11 seats. Thus in that great territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean the former Government carried only 4 constituencies, while in the almost equally extensive area east of the Ottawa River they were successful in only 5 electoral districts. In Ontario, which has always been considered a Tory stronghold, the Conservatives were able to hold only 36 out of 62 seats held previous to the elections.



International

THE HON. MACKENZIE KING

The second notable feature was the resurrection of the Liberal party. Torn asunder in 1917 by the schism on the conscription issue and the secession of an influential section of its following to the standard of Sir Robert Borden in the Union Government, together with its practical decimation in the general elections of that year, the Liberal party had been generally considered as out of the political reckoning for many years to come. Yet the Liberals have carried a majority of the seats throughout the Dominion; and to them falls the task of forming the next Government.

In three provinces—Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Quebec—the Liberals carried every seat, while in Ontario they increased their representation from 9 to 22. In the west, however, the Liberals fared little better than their

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Conservative opponents, securing but 6 seats in the four provinces west of Lake Superior.

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta voted practically solidly for the Agrarian party, or National Progressives, as they are called; they carried 38 out of the 43 seats. In Ontario they won in 24 constituencies. But in the Maritime Provinces and in Quebec, where they had little or no organization, the National Progressives succeeded in electing only 1 candidate, while in British Columbia they carried 3 seats, bringing their total for the Dominion up to 65, an increase of 51 over their pre-election representation.

The National Progressives also succeeded in electing, for the first time in the history of Canada, a woman to the federal House in the person of Miss Agnes McPhail, member-elect for Southeast Grey, Ontario.

The Independent Labor party nominated candidates in the larger cities, but only two were successful. One, William Irvine, elected in Calgary, was also indorsed by the National Progressives and is really a member of that party; the other, the Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, a noted sociologist, lecturer, and publicist, who was elected in Winnipeg, attained considerable notoriety during the Winnipeg strike of 1919 by his support of the strikers and by his subsequent indictment for sedition, upon which charge he was, however, acquitted.

A general election is supposed to express the will of the electorate in as concrete a manner as possible. The first and most unmistakable inference to be drawn from the recent election is that the vast majority of the people of Canada were determined to turn out the Meighen Ministry; policies, though important, were of secondary consideration.

The late Government sought to make of the tariff the paramount issue during the campaign; and upon this they were met by the National Progressives, who advocated sweeping tariff reductions, increased preferential trade with Great Britain, and reciprocity with the United States. The Liberal platform also contains lower tariff planks as well as the British preference and United States reciprocity clauses; but the Liberals stressed the point that they would not lay violent hands upon the tariff if elected.

The crushing defeat of the Government might ordinarily be taken as a repudiation of their policy of protection, and to a certain extent this is true. It is true in the fullest sense of the word so far as the people of the prairie provinces are concerned. While they were as fully determined as the people in other portions of the Dominion to effect a change of Government, the western farmers were actuated primarily by motives of economic policy. This is not so true of the eastern provinces; in Quebec the people were still bitter with memories of 1917. They were not all Liberals who piled up four and five figure majorities for Liberal candidates—a great many were former Conservatives; but they resented equally the insults which had been hurled at their province during the elections of 1917. For the first time in the history of Canada the whole of Quebec's 65 seats have gone to one political party. Even in 1917 Sir Wilfrid Laurier succeeded in carrying only 62 of them. It will take the Conservative party a long time to wipe out Quebec's memory of that contest.

The Maritime Provinces, normally, are preponderantly Liberal; but the recent election returns reflect much more than the natural Liberalism of those regions. While they have not the same reason for wreaking vengeance upon the Union Government and its successors, they resent many of the things that were done by the Borden and Meighen Governments under the guise of war-time necessity; and this was their first opportunity to give vent to their feelings.

By their success in securing a clear majority of the House of Commons the Liberals have set at rest the fears which were felt by political observers before the elections that none of the three groups would have a sufficiently strong following to form a Government. While the Liberals have but a bare majority, those opposed to them in the House comprise two groups whose policies are quite irreconcilable; and there is little danger that the Conservatives and National Progressives will combine to defeat the Liberals.

Because of the phenomenal development of the agrarian movement in western Canada and its political successes in various parts of the Dominion the late Government evidently believed that the National Progressives were their most formidable opponents; their argument on the hustings, on billboards, and in newspaper advertisements was as follows: "Our policy is Protection; King's policy no one knows; the Farmers' is Free Trade, which will destroy Canada's industries and bring disaster upon the country." It had its effect. The people would not vote for Meighen; they were taught to fear the agrarians. King seemed to them to be the safest of the three.

The new Premier, the Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, is a grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, leader in Upper Canada of the Rebellion of 1837. Mr. King was Minister of Labor in the Laurier administration prior to 1911. Defeated in the Reciprocity election, and also in 1917, he was employed for some time by the Rockefeller Foundation as a special investigator in the study of problems affecting the relations of capital and labor. He was elected leader of the Liberal party, after the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at a national convention held in 1919. He is in his forty-seventh year and is unmarried.

As regards relations between Canada and the United States, it is more than probable that the success of the Liberal party will result in a resumption of negotiations leading up to some measure of reciprocal trade; for among the victors is Mr. W. S. Fielding, one of the negotiators of the pact of 1911, who has not yet recanted the views he then held. At any rate, there is every likelihood that the tendency upon the part of Canadian officialdom of late years to regard the United States as a menace to Canada's commercial or political independence will undergo a decided change for the better.

Ottawa, December 10, 1921.

CONTEST NUMBER FIVE

The Best Advertisement

WHAT advertisement printed in The Outlook during 1921 do you consider the best? Explain why you find it the most impressive. What was its effect upon you? For the best answers we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Advertising is a powerful force. Its educational values are subtle and extensive. Its effects on personal development, family life, and social customs are often lasting and profound. Perhaps you have been most influenced by reading an advertisement of a book, a course of study, a service, or a commodity. Describe the significance to you of the best recent advertisement in The Outlook.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 500 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before January 23, 1922.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges.

Address all letters to

CONTEST EDITOR
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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THE FOUR-POWER TREATY

The United States of America, the British Empire, France, and Japan,

With a view to the preservation of the general peace and the maintenance of their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean,

Have determined to conclude a treaty to this effect and have appointed as their plenipotentiaries

The President of the United States of America,

His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India

And for the Dominion of Canada,

For the Commonwealth of Australia,

For the Dominion of New Zealand,

For India,

The President of the French Republic,

His Majesty the Emperor of Japan,

[NOTE.—The names of the plenipotentiaries will be inserted after they are appointed respectively by the heads of States above named.—E. H. A.]

Who, having communicated their full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed as follows:

I. The high contracting parties agree as between themselves to respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean.

If there should develop between any of the high contracting parties a controversy arising out of any Pacific question and involving their said rights which is not satisfactorily settled by diplomacy and is likely to affect the harmonious accord now happily subsisting between them, they shall invite the other high contracting parties to a joint conference to which the whole subject will be referred for consideration and adjustment.

II. If the said rights are threatened by the aggressive action of any other Power, the high contracting parties shall communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken, jointly or separately, to meet the exigencies of the particular situation.

III. This agreement shall remain in force for ten years from the time it shall take effect, and after the expiration of said period it shall continue to be in force subject to the right of any of the high contracting parties to terminate it upon twelve months' notice.

IV. This agreement shall be ratified as soon as possible in accordance with the constitutional methods of the high contracting parties and shall take effect on the deposit of ratifications, which shall take place at Washington, and thereupon the agreement between Great Britain and Japan, which was concluded at London on July 13, 1911, shall terminate.

THE DIPLOMACY OF TRUST

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

AT about half-past two in the afternoon of Saturday, December 10, a correspondent strolled into the press headquarters in the New Navy Building and inquired whether there was any prospect of a plenary session.

"Why, man," was the reply, "where have you been?"

He explained that he had spent the night in a suburb of Washington, had come to the city in the morning, and, without looking at a paper, had spent the intervening time at work in his office. It was evident that he was not joking. Then the truth was broken to him:

"The plenary session you are inquiring about adjourned an hour ago."

It was the most important session of the Armament Conference, with the possible exception of the first; and he had missed it. And not he only. So suddenly had the call for it come that no notice of it was definitely posted at the correspondents' headquarters till eight o'clock the night before. And thereby hangs a tale.

For over two weeks the delegates had been working hard at the four chief subjects of the Conference: Naval Armament, Land Armament, Far Eastern Affairs, and the Problems of the Pacific. They might have called an open session and made some speeches to satisfy public curiosity and the importunate demands of the press; but they preferred to get work done. The nature of that work does not differ radically from the work involved in large business transactions or in framing and drafting important and involved legislative measures. It requires deliberation, informal discussion, technical study; and those who are engaged in it must be free from distractions. It cannot be done, and that sort of work never is done, at public meetings in the presence of a gallery. Much of it is of no interest to the public because it is technical or detailed; much of it, if it is to be done at all, involves the interchange of tentative personal opinions which if made in confidence commits nobody to anything, but if made publicly would invariably lead to misunderstandings. For example, one reason why the American proposal for the limitation of armaments has proved acceptable in its main structure not only to the Governments involved but also to the American people is that its terms were not divulged until everything that was merely tentative and ultimately proved unacceptable was by careful and undisturbed examination eliminated. This was not secret diplomacy, and it is misleading and confusing to call it so. Secret diplomacy commits a nation to a policy without giving the nation a chance to know what the policy is to which it is committed or to understand the ends which that policy is designed to serve. But secrecy, if you wish to call it that, is often absolutely essential to the proper preparation of measures of a public character and destined to be subjected to public discussion. It was inevitable, therefore, that during the time since the last open session the Conference should seem to halt. In fact, it was making very rapid progress. And it was by no means being conducted in secret. The nature of the work done by the various committees was made known by official communications and by unofficial but frank explanations made from day to day to correspondents of the press. Those who suspected intrigues and secret purposes were simply unwilling to believe repeated assurances to the contrary. Not only were the conclusions of each committee announced as soon as they were reached, but in some cases detailed reports of the discussions were given out and published. For example, a very full report was made of the discussion which led to the adoption of the resolution which was added to the fourfold declaration of the eight Powers concerning China. I dare say that most newspaper readers do not even now know that this fifth paragraph was added, and of course know nothing about the discussion; but it was all given out and printed immediately after the discussion took place. What the public wanted to know about was the big decisions; and the big decisions had not been reached. It is true that to any one who recognized the logic of events the acceptance of America's proposal to stop the naval race was a foregone conclusion. It is also true that any decision as to land armaments was by the nature of the Conference confined to recommendations concerning matters incidental to land warfare—such as poison gas—and could not extend to the subject of a general limitation of land forces. It is true, moreover, that under the subject of the Far East important decisions—any one of which would have been regarded as of extraordinary importance if it had been announced apart from such a Conference as this—had been reached. It is true that Shantung, which had not only been a source of violent irritation between China and Japan, but had greatly disturbed the Paris Peace Conference

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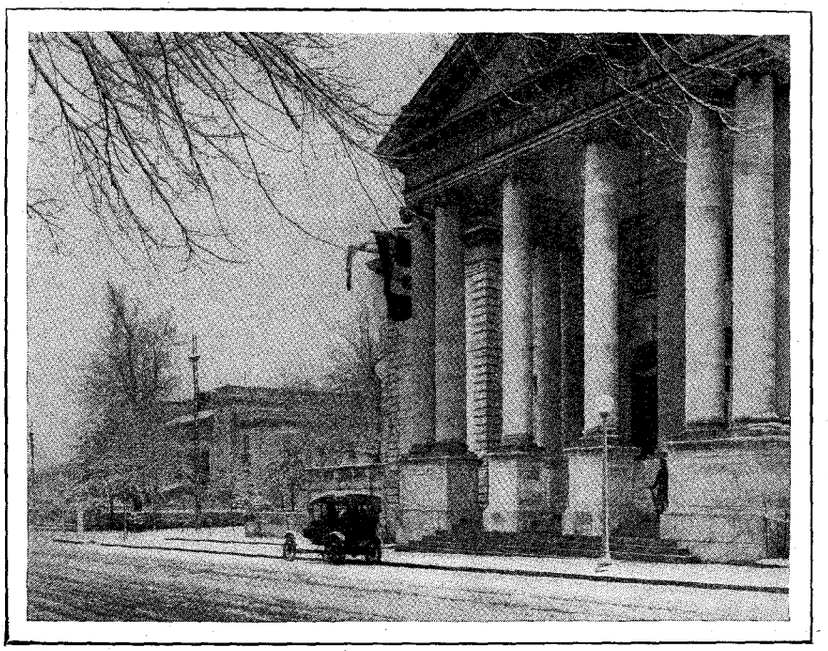

(C) Underwood

THE CONFERENCE HEADQUARTERS AFTER THE SEASON'S FIRST SNOWFALL

and, left unsettled there, had aroused a good deal of feeling in America, was at last, through the good offices of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour, under friendly discussion by the Chinese and Japanese delegates. In all conscience this seemed enough to account for several weeks of study and discussion; but public opinion exerted through the press was daily, hourly, seeking for the big decisions.

Then came rumors that there was to be some kind of agreement between three or four of the principal Powers. Even with the best of intentions to observe good faith, there is no way of preventing eager seekers for news from drawing fairly correct inferences from answers to questions or from mere refusals to answer. Then the President said in a public address that the success of the Conference was going to exceed "our fondest hopes." The rumors became more definite, but until Friday night remained rumors. The American delegation, it should be said, observed good faith not only conscientiously but skillfully; but as soon as the decision was reached, without waiting for even important details to be arranged, and without the usual notice, the Chairman of the Conference, who is also the head of the American delegation, announced the open session.

Each of the plenary sessions has had its own character and atmosphere. The first, following the impressive service at Arlington, had at the beginning the air of a ceremonial occasion, but was shaken into a mood of astonishment by the American proposal and ended almost in the atmosphere of a political meeting. The second, at which, it was announced, Mr. Balfour would record Britain's acceptance of the plan for ending the naval race, was greeted with a mood of curiosity aroused by the inauguration of a new kind of diplomacy which removed these formal gatherings from the category of dress parades and made of them a genuine part of the diplomatic campaign. The third session was marked by a flutter of excitement at the prospect of hearing a masterpiece of French oratory. And now came the fourth session, which, lacking all of the novelty and most of the dramatic elements of the other sessions, was greeted nevertheless with an expectancy which was later justified by its record of definite and conclusive achievement.

This achievement related wholly to Far Eastern and Pacific affairs. It is worth noting that the Conference rendered its first decisions not on the means but on the causes of war, not on armament but on national policies. This was inevitable. Although the first subject introduced into the Conference was that of the limitation of naval armament, it was not the first subject on which the Conference reached a conclusive decision. As I pointed out in correspondence written before the Conference began, the fundamental question at Washington was not what arms the nations should bear, but what attitude they should have towards one another. On Saturday, December 10, the assembled delegates recorded by solemn agreement their deliberate purpose and intent to follow a policy of mutual consultation and confidence.

This policy was adopted first with regard to specific questions in the Far East and then with reference to the Pacific Ocean.

With regard to questions in the Far East Mr. Hughes read the reports so far adopted by the committees of the Conference. It should be explained that all the delegates of all nine Powers sit as a committee of the whole to consider the affairs of the Pacific and of the Far East, and then assemble in plenary meetings of the Conference to adopt finally their own recommendations. In one sense, therefore, their action at this sessio was purely formal; but in another sens it was vital because it brought togethe four separate resolutions and trans formed them into solemn internationa agreements. The first of these was th statement of the four principles which have already reported as the eigh Power agreement, by which the Power which have interests in China hav framed a charter giving assurance t China of protection against future in fringements upon her independence an sovereignty and recorded a mutua pledge to observe in matters relating t China the principle of free and equa opportunity. Special significance i given to the action of the Conference i this case, because, whereas originall the resolution was adopted by the eigh Powers, in the final action by the Con ference there was recorded China's as sent. The second of these reports adopted as an international agreement provided for the creation of an interna tional commission to inquire into th practice of extraterritoriality (that is the use of foreign law in Chinese terri tory) and to submit a report upon i with their recommendations within fif teen months. To this China likewis assented with satisfaction. The third action recorded the recognition by th eight Powers of China's rights as a neu tral in any future war to which she i not a party; and in this China also joined. The fourth of these actions was the adoption of a resolution of the Com mittee declaring it to be the intention of the Powers not to enter into any treaties or any kind of understanding that would infringe or impair the principles they had adopted as a charter for the independence of China and equality among themselves.

By these four actions the nations represented at Washington record a revolution that is of more significance to China than that which replaced the Manchu Dynasty with the outward semblance of a republic. They commit themselves to the abandonment of the old scramble for privilege. They do something more than profess good will to China; they set in motion machinery which will manufacture good will into practical aid. To the fulfillment of their intention they pledge not their arms but their credit. They recognize the requirements of their own enlightened self-interest, and thus practice what among nations is the only enlightened altruism.

Unprecedented as these actions are, they have nevertheless been obscured by the public interest in the announcement that was made by Senator Lodge of an agreement by America, Britain, France, and Japan. This agreement is in the form of a treaty. It is so brief that its general purport can scarcely be adequately stated in fewer words than are used in its text. Senator Lodge, however, in his speech presenting the treaty paraphrased it as follows:

> To put it in a few words, the treaty provides that the four signatory Pow-

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ers will agree as between themselves to respect their insular possessions and dominions in the region of the Pacific, and that if any controversy should arise as to such rights all the high contracting parties shall be invited to a joint conference looking to the adjustment of such controversy. They agree to take similar action in the case of aggression by any other Power upon these insular possessions or dominions. The agreement is to remain in force for ten years, and after ratification under the constitutional methods of the high contracting parties the existing agreement between Great Britain and Japan, which was concluded at London on July 13, 1911, shall terminate. And that is all.

And to this report of the treaty Senator Lodge, speaking officially for America in the presence of the other delegates, made this observation:

> There is no provision for the use of force to carry out any of the terms of the agreement, and no military or naval sanction lurks anywhere in the background or under cover of these plain and direct clauses.

Either implicitly or explicitly the spokesman of each delegation reiterated the point that this agreement is without any military or naval sanction.

Some illusions concerning this treaty have already made their appearance. No true understanding of the achievement which this agreement records is possible so long as those illusions remain. This is not a league to enforce peace upon the whole world. It does not propose to establish a new world order. It is not an agency of reform. It is not a guaranty against war or against anything. It is limited in scope and in purpose. It limits no sovereignty. It makes no promise which any nation cannot easily and justly perform.

It does not undertake to protect China. It has nothing whatever to do with China. It has nothing to do with any country or territory or right that is not already possessed by the four nations that sign it; and there is no right established by the treaty which is not already recognized. It relates solely to the islands and dominions in the Pacific of the signatory Powers. Japan itself is included in the subject of this treaty; so are Australia and New Zealand; so are Hawaii and the Philippines. So is every island belonging to or part of any nation of the four. It does not create rights where rights do not already exist; it does not recognize rights where rights are not now recognized. In particular, as Senator Lodge, speaking with the acknowledged approval of all four Powers, said, this agreement is subject to a convention to be made with Japan (perhaps it will have been made by the time these words are in print) "concerning the status of the island of Yap and what are termed the mandated islands in the Pacific Ocean north of the equator," and subject also "to the reservations with respect to what are termed the mandated islands in the Pacific Ocean south of the equator." In other words, this does not commit the United States to any view concerning Yap which will not already have been settled by the time this treaty is in force, or to any acceptance of the arrangements made about the islands in the Pacific by the League of Nations.

This treaty is not the creator of a rival to the League of Nations, nor does it let the United States into the League of Nations by the back door. It has no effect upon the League of Nations in any way whatever. The treaty is different from the League in scope and in character.

It is not an alliance. When nations sign a treaty of alliance, they agree to come to one another's defense or to join one another in an offensive undertaking. There is no agreement of either kind in this case. It has no "Article X" in it. There is no mutual promise given to preserve any territory or guarantee any rights. It does not create any organization. It provides for no constitution or by-laws or offices or seat of government or anything else pertaining to an organization. It is not an attempt to force any policies upon any governmental body whatever. It provides in its terms that it will go into force only after ratification by the constitutional methods of each state; and it is accompanied by a clear statement that it is subject to definite reservations. It simply anticipates certain exigencies and then arranges to meet such exigencies by conference and consultation.

It brings to an end the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which has outlived its occasion and its usefulness. It substitutes for that military contract a non-military agreement. As Mr. Balfour, the head of the British delegation, said, that military agreement had placed Great Britain between two possible misunderstandings —a misunderstanding with America if the British retained the treaty, and a misunderstanding with Japan if they denounced it; and the only cure was to replace this agreement between two Powers by an understanding between all those concerned in the treaty. It removes all excuse for fear of Anglo-American domination. It recognizes the friendship between France and America and promotes understanding between France and Britain. It allays mutual suspicion between Japanese and Americans, and it enables the British Dominions to rid themselves of a bar between themselves and the United States without offense to an ally that has rendered the Empire good and faithful service.

It opens the way for similar understandings in other fields. Indeed, it may conceivably have a successor which will apply the same principle of international consultation to China. The hope of an agreement signed by all the Powers assembled in Washington, to which other nations may desire to adhere, and applying to questions relating to the Far East, was, in fact, explicitly expressed in this open session of the Conference by Mr. Hughes.

Above all, this treaty mobilizes moral force. Senator Lodge, whose sense of reality in international affairs has never been doubted, expressed the great purpose of this treaty in the following words in his address:

> If the nations of the earth are still in the innermost recesses of their consciousness planning or dreaming of coming wars and longing for conquests, no treaties of partition and no alliances can stay them; but if, as I firmly hope, the world has learned a frightful lesson from the awful experiences of the Great War of 1914, then our surest appeal in order to prevent wars in the future must be to the hearts, the sympathies, the reason, and the higher impulses of mankind. . . . If this spirit prevails and rules, we can have no better support than the faith of nations. . . . If we enter upon this agreement, which rests only upon the will and honor of those who sign it, we at least make the great experiment and appeal to the men and women of the nations to help us sustain it in spirit and in truth.

And the spokesman for Portugal, Viscount d'Alte, recognizing the absence of military sanction and the reliance upon moral force in this treaty, speaking not as a participant but as an observer, said:

> It would of course be easy to evade any of the clauses of the treaty of which I am speaking; it would even seem as if the men who had drafted it had tried to signify that they did not place their main reliance and the achievement of their aims in a long series of carefully worded clauses. Only four Powers who repose the most implicit trust in the honor and integrity of each other could sign a treaty such as this. And it is this fact that gives the agreement its tremendous binding power. The confidence so fully given, no nation would dare to betray.

If this treaty depended upon "implicit trust in the honor and integrity" of the individuals who might in the future happen to be the leaders of government, if its only support were the good faith of some future diplomats or Foreign Ministers now unknown, neither the hope of the signers of this treaty as expressed by Senator Lodge nor the congratulations of their friends as expressed by Viscount d'Alte would have any more than slight foundation; but its basis is implicit trust in the honor and integrity of nations, its support is the faith not merely of governments but of peoples. This is the justification of the appeal that was made at the very beginning of the Conference to the public opinion of the world; this is the justification of the practice, followed throughout the Conference, of opening the negotiations to the knowledge of mankind. If a treaty is made to express the will of the peoples and the will of the peoples is a will to peace, the only sanction that such a treaty needs is, not the sanction of the sword, but the sanction of understanding.

Washington, D. C., December 12, 1921.

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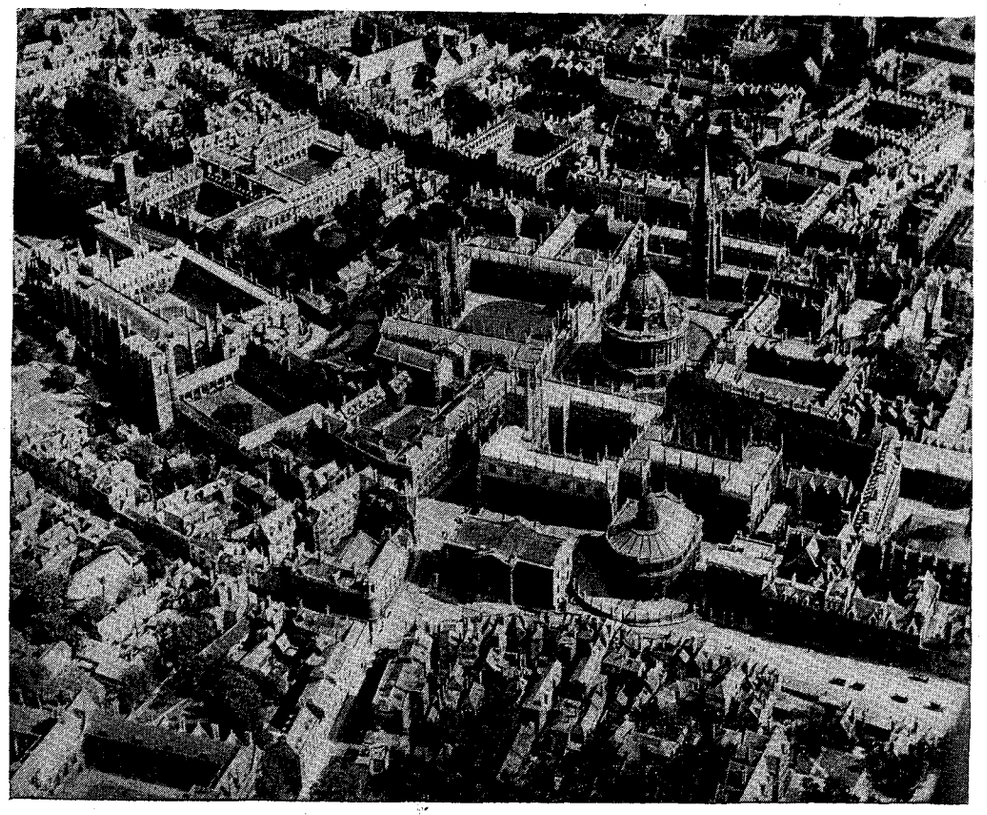
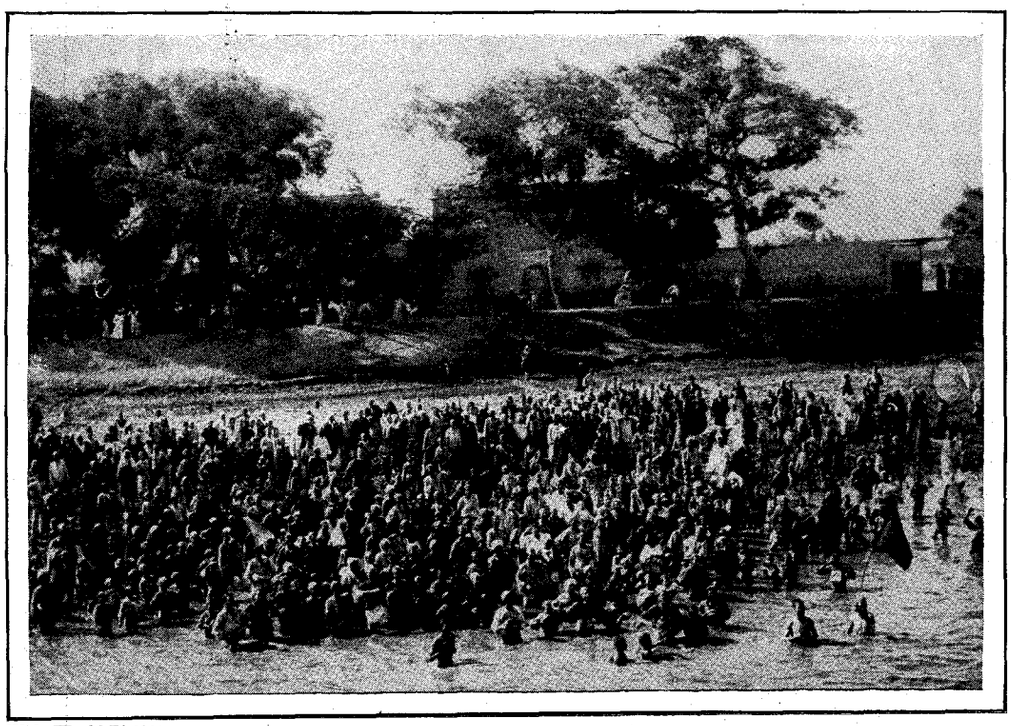
A BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT AND A BRITISH PROBLEM



Wide World Photos

AN AERIAL VIEW OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY

This picture of one of the two most celebrated institutions of learning in England was taken from an aeroplane flying low. The tall spire rises over St. Mary's, the University Church. In the center is the Bodleian Library. Below it is the semicircular Sheldonian Theater. To the left of the Theater, as one looks at the picture, is the Clarendon, containing the offices of the University's governing body. Still further to the left is New College (the large quadrangle group); despite its name, it is one of the oldest buildings in Oxford



Wide World Photos

EGYPTIANS GREETING ONE OF THEIR NATIVE LEADERS

The photograph shows native Egyptians wading up to their waists to greet Zaglul Pasha, a popular leader of the "plain people." The British authorities had, it is said, refused to allow him to land at this place from a boat in which he had been making a journey from Cairo to the Falls—a journey in which he was acclaimed by crowds both on shore and in native craft

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(C) Keystone

FERRYING ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE, THE RIVER WHICH FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES MARKS THE BORDER LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

EIGHT FORCES ON ONE JOB

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

SUPPOSE a circus pitching camp some morning in a town with a normal American boy population found the canvas missing for one whole side of the big tent. Would the circus boss forthwith equip eight quite separate outfits of roustabouts, each under a separate head, to act as so many unrelated police forces in keeping Young America from accomplishing "sneak" admissions? Would he further instruct each individual corps of roustabouts to make a special business of restraining a specific class of offenders—one outfit to chase off midget weights; another to halt toddlers; another, youngsters with the admission price in their pockets; another, kids without admissions, and so on?

Or would he simply make his huskiest roustabout boss of a single centrally controlled, improvised force and let him know that in maintaining exclusion policies only homicide was beyond the limit?

For all circuses but one a single answer is possible. But considering Uncle Sam's United States as the big tent and the Mexican border the side with the missing canvas, our Federal Government prefers to intrust the job of stalling off bad boys bent on illegal entry to eight police forces instead of one.

In other words, Uncle Sam has a Prohibition Enforcement Squad to catch bad boys sneaking in with liquor; a Customs Patrol to corral those smuggling Mexican drawn-work and other dutiable articles; a Narcotic Squad for morphine and opium traffickers; a Department of Agriculture Corps for those driving in diseased cattle or carrying pest-infested field products; an Immigration Patrol to stop those crawling in without passports or receipts for the aliens' eight-dollar admission fee, or who have already been turned down as undesirable guests at the regular admission gates; a Public Health Service to quarantine the epidemically diseased; a tiny Department of Justice outfit; and a United States Army Intelligence Service for bad boys sneaking out of the big tent with arms and munitions for revolutionary youngsters in Mexico who are not supposed to get such things from Uncle Sam at all.

Then, as if eightfold division were not enough, Uncle Sam has quartered and fifthed most of his border police organizations into, all told, at least a score of subdivisions. Between Brownsville and San Diego there are five of these in the Prohibition Enforcement organization, four in the Customs force, and from two to four each in all the other little forces except the Immigration Service. To cooperate with each other even in their own special departments most subdivisions must go through more red tape than there is usually time for. In fact, Uncle Sam puts rather less restriction on co-operation between departments than between subdivisions of the same department. So Immigration patrols catch bad boys with liquor or drawnwork in their pockets—or in their motor trucks—and Customs men stop sneaking immigrants with helpful frequency.

Finally, Uncle Sam's other failure as a circus guard is that he keeps each department of his eightfold force so small. Really, of course, instead of being the side of an ordinary sized circus tent, the Mexican border, including the Rio Grande's meanderings, covers not far from three thousand sparsely settled miles. Instead of having to hold back a few hundred relatively guileless American boys trying to cheat the gate receipts by a single obvious method, Uncle Sam's eightfold guard is set there to thwart the whole underworld of northern Mexico, probably as clever and dangerous a galaxy of crooks, smugglers, and bandits as the Western Hemisphere can produce.

Counting out the Army Intelligence as performing a highly specialized and occasional function, Uncle Sam has about 200 men to do the job on this ocean-to-ocean beat. The Customs patrols number from 50 to 60, Immigration patrols 50 to 60, Prohibition Enforcement men 40 to 60, Narcotic squads 20 to 25, Department of Agriculture 10 to 20, Department of Justice about 10, Public Health Service about 15. This is counting only men available for police duty on the border or in the two-hundred-mile zone this side of it within which Uncle Sam must quite as vigilantly check up on violations of entry regulations as on the boundary line itself. Most Government officials may not give out figures of the police strength of their department, so these are not official, but according to those most familiar with the Government's police arrangements on the border they are very near the truth.

Naturally, so small a force, disorganized into twenty or more divisions and subdivisions, does not form a barrier to the thousands of adroit and often desperate men and women who make their living by thwarting the United States entry regulations. Much faithful, some brilliant and hazardous work is done. Some bootleggers, "dope" runners, customs smugglers, and excludable immigrants are caught. But the Mexicans have a saying that these are "only the unlucky."

For instance, in the bonanza wage year ending June 30, 1920, the immigra-

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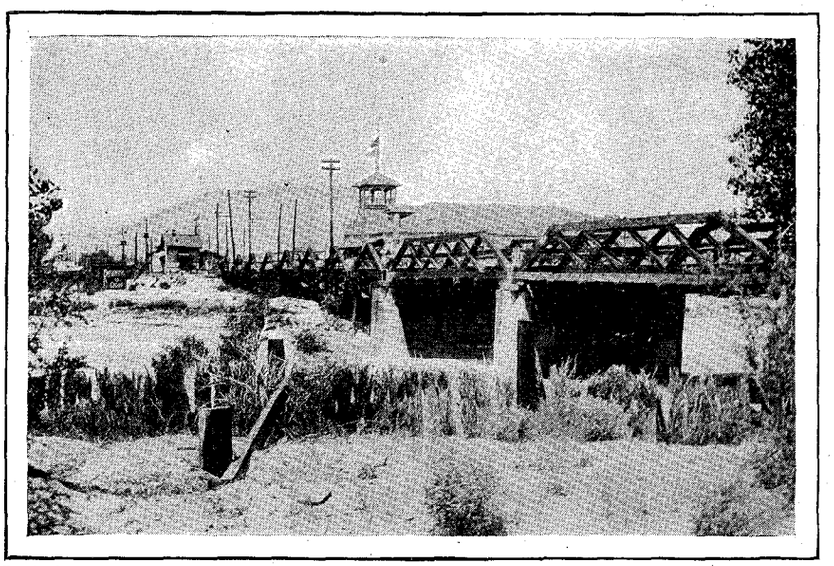

Paul Thompson

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE AT EL PASO, TEXAS

One gate to the United States that is easily guarded—but there are few fences between our gates

tion inspector in charge at Laredo, Texas, officially estimated that in his little two-hundred-mile strip of territory at least 60,000 aliens, chiefly Mexicans, got by his inadequate patrols and entered the United States without passports or payment of the required eight-dollar head tax. Railways into Laredo from the South tap populous Mexican territory, but, if this estimate is at all exact, more than 100,000 aliens on the whole border must have dodged head-tax and passport formalities the same year.

That the majority of these were healthy, capable laborers, needed by the Nation's producing agencies, does not overbalance the wholesale evasion of Federal laws—to say nothing of the loss of nearly $1,000,000 in head taxes. Neither does the past year's immense decrease in this kind of violation, due to unemployment, remove conditions which will restore the full evil the moment labor demand again looks up.

Lately, in fact, border immigration officials have been concerned at the growth of a much more serious evil—the tendency of undesirable European immigrants, rejected at our seaboard ports, to sneak in the back way through Mexico. Criminals and diseased, "red" enemies of American institutions, form a small but dangerous core of this group, though its mainstay is illiterates and, until recently, alien enemies. In a few months, these officials believe, the great flood of immigration dammed up in Europe by the new law allowing foreign countries to send to the United States annually only three per cent of the number of their nationals in the country in 1910, is merely waiting to learn the routes and complete arrangements with Mexican immigrant smugglers before attempting to break over our southern border. Hundreds so entering have already been caught.

But if there is any slump in illicit immigration, bootlegging was never better. The bootlegger encounters closer co-operation between the Federal officials opposing him than any other class of border offender. With the approval of the Treasury Department, the Customs patrol acts usually as the first line of defense against the actual smuggling of liquor over the boundary, leaving the Prohibition Enforcement officers to prevent the running of it north after it reaches American territory. Immigration patrols in the past year made 166 arrests of bootleggers, and suffered a percentage of casualties in killed and wounded in so doing higher than that of the American combat forces in the World War.

Without unified command, however, or effective arrangements to prevent duplication of effort, the best co-operating spirit in the world can catch only a small fraction of the rum-runners. The latter are so well able to take advantage of the gaps in the American patrol system that they do not even bother to do their smuggling in the sparsely settled districts. It pays better and, despite the concentration of authorities, is almost as safe to smuggle near the cities and the main highways leading north. In fact, the bootleggers have such an edge on the authorities at present that some high officials on the border believe the volume of their successful traffic runs annually into tens of millions of dollars.

The lawless violence with which bootlegging is conducted has, moreover, created conditions on the border comparable to those when the bandits were operating during the Mexican revolutions. Federal officers testify almost unanimously that every rum-running operation of consequence is backed up by armed men who, when challenged, shoot to kill. Certainly the killings occurring in efforts to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment can be counted in close to three figures. One result of this situation fairly measures the amount of co-operation possible between separate border patrol services. Immigration patrols were recently officially cautioned against endangering their lives by challenging bootleggers in greatly superior force. The order is quite proper. The Immigration Service is not on the border to have its men shot enforcing prohibition. But every one familiar with present conditions knows that unless Immigration officers continue to take desperate chances, the effectiveness of their co-operation will be materially lessened.

In proportion to the American demand, narcotic smugglers are probably as successful as the bootleggers. Cocaine and morphine traffic, officials agree, can be counted in millions. As with the Prohibition forces, the Customs patrols act as a first line of defense for the Narcotic squad, but only a small proportion of the smuggling operations are prevented. Ordinary smuggling of customs contraband and of live stock and farm products without Department of Agriculture permits has slackened of late years; likewise bandit operations and gun-running into Mexico. But this, authorities generally admit, is mainly because bootlegging pays better.

On the whole, one finds the majority of border officials and most intelligent civilians in the border country admitting that Uncle Sam's comparatively simple restrictions on the entry of persons and commodities into his territory are being enforced by his eightfold border police system in a ratio to the volume of violations of from five to twenty-five per cent. Whatever the percentage, the border agrees that the entry laws and regulations of the United States are a laughing-stock to that very nation whose shortcomings in law enforcement we are frequently protesting—the Mexicans!

Also to a surprising extent the border agrees on the remedy. Not only civilians, but many Government officials whose jobs may be presumably imperiled by the course, are found in support of the proposition that the first step necessary to make Uncle Sam's authority felt from Brownsville to San Diego is to recast the eightfold border guard into a single-headed, centrally controlled, thoroughly mobile, semi-military Federal border police organization more or less similar to the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada. The subject has been presented to Congressional committees and to the Immigration Commission before, usually to lapse through the concentration of the Washington statesmen on "bigger issues." But if presented again, as is the prospect for the near future, reinforced by disturbing actualities in the bootlegging situation and the added threat of an invasion through Mexico by undesirable Europeans, a good deal of border opinion believes this time it will be "big" enough to compel action.

Fundamentally, say the plan's advocates, the need is for the same old-fashioned kind of organization which the circus boss formed to keep the bad boys from sneaking into the tent on the side of the missing flap. The force's whole job, primarily speaking, would be to hold back or take into custody everybody trying to get in or out of Uncle Sam's tent

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other than by the legally prescribed methods.

For supreme efficiency at the job, the force's chief should have headquarters, not in Washington, but on the border. His organization might operate through administrative districts, but the chief should have authority to concentrate men at any point between the Atlantic and Pacific where an emergency required it. The rank and file should be under Civil Service, possibly with a term of enlistment. They should understand border conditions, and, above all, speak Spanish. There should be enough military discipline to secure subordination, but not so much as to destroy individual inititaive. Every recruit should be taught the entry regulations of the various Federal departments and bureaus and, like any other good policeman, all that his brain could absorb of the science of gathering evidence. In picked men the highest kind of skill in detective and plain-clothes work should be developed.

Valid arguments are often advanced on the border to prove that such a force should be attached to the Immigration Service or the Customs Service, or, again, that it should be separate from all existing services. If the project is taken up practically, these questions will, no doubt, be threshed out by experts. For two reasons, certainly, there is small merit in the suggestion that the Army should do the job. In the first place, never having been in the business of training men for highly specialized police work, the Army would waste considerable motion achieving success. Secondly, placed as it would be in a position where it would frequently have to treat the subjects of other nations with severity, even with roughness, the Army, as the military branch of the Government, would be far more likely to create embarrassing diplomatic situations than a purely civilian organization.

The single force would eliminate only such organizations as now perform overlapping police functions. Administrative work like that of the Customs and Immigration Services would, in fact, be increased if the new border patrol forced all the traffic to come through the regular ports of entry. But these departments would be relieved of police problems and police budgets.

As for size and maintenance cost, a high official in the border service who has spent years working up data on the single force plan believes that an organization such as described, with no more men than the present total of the seven civilian forces, could make a good beginning at a cost just under $1,000,000; that 400 men could do the job with relative completeness for appreciably less than $2,000,000. To balance these figures against the cost of the present system would require a month's auditing of the books of the border policing agencies. But the claim seems at least plausible that the increase in customs and immigration revenues through strict enforcement of the entry regulations would more than make up any difference in the expense. The Immigration Service, even under present conditions, is more than self-supporting.

Anyway, as the single force's enthusiasts are accustomed to urge, would it not be worth a few extra hundred thousands if the results made it impossible for Mexican officials, when requested to provide reasonable law enforcement in their own country, to be suddenly reminded of Uncle Sam's border and smile far-away Latin smiles?

TWO REPLIES TO MORRIS BISHOP'S "WHY I GAVE UP BUSINESS TO TEACH"

I—WHY I GAVE UP TEACHING FOR BUSINESS

BY KENNETH GROESBECK

I SEE my friend Morris Bishop in his Outlook article of October 26 refers to me for authentication of the statements regarding his business career.

Unquestionably I can vouch for the acts that Bishop came into the business world, adorned it a while, and then bandoned us for the scholastic calm nd the cloistered quiet of one of our reat universities.

Business is poorer for losing him, but : is no richer for the unkind things he as said about the business career in the rticle to which I am replying.

Reversing Mr. Bishop's process, I gave p teaching for business—gave up a areer which I loved, a work in which I ras successful, a task which brought to ie all the rewards of which Bishop peaks—but I found in business some hings I never found in teaching. I ound that the business world is not the ordid chase for dollars, not the race for million through the exploitation of the ermin exterminator to which our scholstic friend refers.

Let us look for a moment at the other ide of the question and uncover a few aults in the teaching profession from hich business, graceless as it may be, s at least exempt.

According to boards of trustees, to be successful teacher one must know approximately everything regarding one's subject. Does the fact that one is expected to impart to one's pupils only the elemental aspects of the subject change this dictum? Not at all. As a result our teachers, on entering upon their careers with the high enthusiasm of youth, find that at least half of their time must be devoted to the required post-graduate work, resulting in the inevitable conclusion, according to my own experience, that there are very few human doctors of philosophy.

Admittedly, the most important attribute of a teacher is ability to teach; ability to impart enthusiasm; ability to kindle the divine fire in those young minds that he may have around him each year. Little do boards of trustees care about this ability. If a man is a scholar, he must be a teacher. Q. E. D.

The first trouble with the teaching career, then, as our present economic system allows it to exist, is that success is predicated on knowledge rather than on teaching ability, and those who rise in the ranks, and they rise with cruel enough slowness as it is, do so largely because, being teachers of history, they have written a thesis on *cum causal*, or, teaching English, they have produced a lengthy and useless dissertation on the religious beliefs of Piers Plowman.

Many a good man has been ruined by post-graduate work. Taken in moderation it is an excellent thing, but taken in the stupendous doses which are prescribed by our boards of trustees it is the most inhumanizing, fossilizing, dehydrating process known to man.

The second great trouble with the teaching career is the one which receives the most public attention and has the least done about it.

The teacher receives so little money that only if he is willing to take a celibate vow can he live like a human being. If he is unselfish enough to want to bring up a family, he must resign himself to seeing his own children consort perforce with classes to which their upbringing makes them alien.

Does he wish to give his children the advantages of a musical education? He will find it difficult. Does he prefer to have them in small classes, where a certain amount of attention may be given their upbringing, rather than in classes of from sixty to sixty-five under the charge of a person of doubtful ability? He cannot do it. Should he and his wife like to hear some good music, see Sothern and Marlowe occasionally, and perhaps even see something of their own country? They cannot do it, for he has young mouths to feed.

There is a bitterness spreading throughout the teaching profession, and a perfectly justifiable bitterness, too,

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which is built on the cruel fact that our present economic system regards the teacher as of the same value as the plumber, the street sweeper, the trench digger. That bitterness is not a pleasant thing to encounter.

It is a human but by no means unpraiseworthy impulse which makes a man determined to give his children every advantage which ought to be theirs; to give his wife a certain amount of ease, certain of the luxuries of life, which should be hers who has given up everything for his sake and for the sake of his children.

The selfish gratification which comes from the process of imparting knowledge must be strong indeed to be of greater influence upon a father's mind than the gratification of seeing his children develop as they should develop.

May not a teacher be permitted to be a father first and a teacher second?

There is a third drawback to the teaching profession—an inevitable egoism which grows out of being in contact with immature minds and having the power of life and death year after year over succeeding classes as they sit, not with us, but under us, in the class-rooms.

The teacher is absolute. There is no appeal from his decision. A really good disciplinarian in the average class-room can give cards and spades to any West Point martinet, and the better disciplinarian he is the less he shows it. Friendly he may be; a good teacher he may be, in full sympathy with the ambitions and with the failings of the young minds which come to him for guidance. Experience teaches him nevertheless that unless his discipline is automatic, inevitable, unchanging, his teaching will suffer. The young mind must first of all be conscious of superiority on the part of its leader before it can be led, and the consciousness of that superiority is just as apparent to the teacher as it is to the pupil.

This is not a healthy condition. It works into an autocratic attitude, a consciousness that one is always right, which would be justifiable in a divinity, but which is highly dangerous for mere humanity.

Entering the business world, as I did after five years of teaching, after five years of doing the work I loved best, and the work which I did best, I found that I had lost some things.

I found that I had lost the consciousness that I was doing a great work in the world, but I had to lose also perforce the consciousness that the doer of that work was as great as the work itself. That was a healthy loss.

I found in business men who knew more about many things than I had ever known, who had forgotten more than I had ever learned. I found men of power, of concentration, of strength, of high physical qualities translated into mental qualities. I found a stronger, more virile atmosphere of fair play—a feeling of "let the best man win." I went from a delightful sewing circle onto a football field. One suffers in the change, but one profits thereby in mind and soul.

I found that when the whistle blew after the game I had time to see something of my children; the money to give them some of the advantages which I thought they should have; the leisure to develop myself along lines which I had never before had time to follow.

It is not so bad, the business world, Mr. Bishop. It contains men of world-wide vision, as against those whose outlook must in many cases be bounded by the class-room. It contains men who study their fields intensively, driven by the determination not only to succeed but to add something to the sum of human accomplishment. It is shot through with the sturdy spirit of competition.

I love to teach and I honor and respect all teachers. But that doesn't prevent me from being very proud to be a business man.

II—WHY I REMAIN IN BUSINESS

BY EDWARD K. ROBINSON

OUTSIDE of lynching parties, an accused man is given an opportunity, before he is condemned, to tell what a good and innocent creature he is. Although no official action has yet been taken to make me the spokesman of the business world, I feel constrained to answer certain rather superlative accusations and implications hurled at poor old business by Morris Bishop in an article entitled "Why I Gave Up Business to Teach," which recently appeared in the columns of The Outlook.

Mr. Bishop, whether he be right or wrong, has rendered a service to both the teaching profession and business through his interesting comparison of commerce and class-room. He may attract to the ranks of our teachers some promising young men and women who otherwise would have chosen the life of the office; and he will most assuredly make many a business man sit up and wonder if and why he seems as black as he has been painted—or inked—by the facile pen of the pedagogue.

Mr. Bishop tells us that he forsook a promising business career because he wants to be a free man and because he wants to be judged by some other scale than by so much a year. He gives us an infallible method by which a bright young man may become a millionaire:

"Work consistently, selfishly, unceasingly; make everything in life subordinate to your work. Suppose, for instance, that you get a job selling vermin exterminator. Make the sale of your particular brand of vermin exterminator the sole mission and goal of your existence. Saturate yourself with vermin exterminator; breathe it, wash in it, dream of it. . . . Rival firms will notice you and you will not find it difficult to transfer your faith to another god for a few hundreds more a year. When you take a vacation, go where you can rub shoulders with possible purchasers; if you join a club or a lodge, pick the one where you will soon be slapping the backs of big drug-jobbing men and big hardware and notion men. Write articles, . . . make speeches, . . . marry, . . . but be sure to choose a girl who will be sympathetic to vermin exterminators and who will not distract you from your work. . . .

"And by the time you are sixty you can retire, a nervous and physical wreck, with a million dollars. You will be a most uninteresting person. . . . You will have a bad time. I am sorry for you.

"Such, according to my observation, is the typical successful business man. What, on the other hand, is the typical successful teacher? [Here follows an excellent description of an ideal teacher amid ideal surroundings.]

"I think I would give this advice to the young man perplexed before the choice of a career: If you can learn to create beauty or cultivate the soil or build houses or bridges or cure the sick in flesh or spirit or govern wisely the people or teach the unfolding mind, do so. . . . If you are not fit for any such tasks, go into business. Hypnotize yourself into a belief that you are a useful person in the world."

If Mr. Bishop is right, business is in a bad way. Are the many millions who are daily helping to turn the wheels of industry and commerce useless? Do they not make possible the work of artist, farmer, engineer, physician, and teacher? And, more important still, do they not produce and distribute the essentials of life for every community of the modern world? The butcher, the baker, the gas man (the candlestick-maker is about out of it now), the carpenter, the plumber, the printer, the dry-goods merchant, and the makers and distributers of the thousand and one things we need to-day, all are "in business;" and I, for one, hope they will not become convinced that they are useless and give up work, for I don't want to go to the South Sea Islands and eat cocoanuts and wear a braided girdle of my own make.

Both the knowledge of economics and the logic of Mr. Bishop seem faulty. His error lies in the comparison of a sordid example of the business world with an idealized teaching career. He should have used the vermin exterminator king in a work of fiction, not in an arraignment

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against business in general. Such creatures have existed, and still do exist, but I have known but three—a small fraction of one per cent of the business men I have met. They are not representative of this country's business as a whole, which I firmly believe is making strong and honest strides forward, leaving behind the taint of selfishness and "commercialism" which the minds of some have invariably associated with it. Perhaps at one time the get-all, grab-all idea did predominate in the larger business of this country. The "trusts" in the earlier days of big combinations did strangle weak competitors and buy them up for little or nothing, later making up for their losses in price-cutting by charging monopoly prices. To-day, if my observation is correct, the greater business organizations, the large manufacturers, and the special developments of recent years, like the chain stores, have not come into existence through unjust methods, but because of a highly developed ability for organization and the willingness to serve the public economically. A healthy competition exists in almost every American business to-day. More intelligent laws exist to-day than were on the books in the nineties. Competition and regulation have done much. Human nature is, and may ever be, weak when freed from restraint, and perhaps imposed regulations are essential. Even educational institutions succumb to commercialism now and then, and private schools, when they possess some particular feature that makes a strong appeal to their patrons, raise their tuition fees to exalted heights.

In the business life of America to-day there is a keener conscience than there has ever been before, and this conscience is growing steadily. I say this with confidence in the face of the war profiteering of recent years, which was no more the real spirit of American business than a drunken professor is the spirit of an American college. Consideration for employees, favorable working conditions, pensions, opportunities for recreation, yes, and shorter working hours, have in a great many instances come about solely upon the initiative of employers.

Lest it be thought that I am tooting a horn that belongs in part to me, let me say that I am not a capitalist and that I own no part of any business. I am an employee, with a modest salary, probably less than that which Mr. Bishop hoped to receive had he remained in business a minute or two longer; but after seventeen years in business following a college course I am unable to see the ogre which drove him to the shelter of the academy, away from tiresome and limited business men.

Tiresome? Great Cæsar! My neighbor across the street is a banker, yet he has a tenor voice equaled by few in our city of over a half million. The man next door to the west is head of a large rubber shoe plant, but he is one of the best of neighbors and fathers. Beyond him lives a successful insurance man who was born beside the sea and who through his love for the shore and water and boats knows many tales of the sea and poems of the sailors. Moments in his company are never dull. The house east of me belongs to the manager of a large firm which manufactures soda-water supplies, yet he is a cherished companion and a sturdy opponent on the tennis court. Another neighbor, who writes the insurance on my house, has a library of choice volumes of English and French authors, with fine bindings and beautiful illustrations. These are some of my neighbors who are "in business." Of my associates at the office let me say that I only regret I do not see more of them. They live in other suburbs that are none too accessible.

When Mr. Bishop says, "I know the glory of business as the great hoax of modern times, and the successful business man as an exceptionally tiresome, limited, and often very puzzled individual," he utters a good, attention-getting sentence, which *may* be true in his case, but which I have found to be far from fact. My business acquaintances to me are not tiresome or limited; and if I am so to them, they courteously fail to show it, at least when I am in their presence! If my enjoyment of these people and my failure to seek the academic cloister for "stimulation of contact with wits grown keen in the long pursuit of truth" prove that I am stupid, then may Heaven keep me forever dull!

"I want to be a free man," says Bishop. "I want to be judged by some other scale than so much a year." Perhaps in a few of the sky-scraper districts this standard may hold. In general it doesn't. The honest, considerate man who drives his own flivver is rated higher than the human safety-vault who sits in the glass compartment just behind his chauffeur. Money is not always the guiding factor in business. Numbers of men of my acquaintance have rejected offers of larger salaries in order to do a work they enjoyed or to live in the city or town of their preference. If I were to follow up suggestions that have been placed before me, I doubtless could find other jobs more remunerative than my own, or I might accept an interesting offer to teach; but for the time being I prefer my present job. To me this choice represents freedom. Freedom is not very remote from any job. It is pretty much a state of mind.

Teaching offers many alluring advantages. The long vacations, the opportunities for reading and leisure, the dignity and respect associated with professorial work, are not to be passed by lightly. The influence of the worthy teacher upon the young minds in his charge is one of the greatest factors for good that has ever existed. In the matter of interest, however, business, to me, makes the stronger appeal. Except for the few teachers who are investigators, the path is clearly defined. The textbook is the guide. In business the way is almost uncharted (although Mr. Babson has some very busy draughtsmen), each situation possesses some elements that are new, and nearly every day's work produces opportunities for judgment and choice which require careful study.

As for service, it seems to me that there is just as great an opportunity for it in business as there is in teaching. In school the teacher may exercise a powerful control over both the intellectual and moral development of his students. In business the same influence may be exercised by the manager or leader who has under him any number of employees. Dealings with a large number of business individuals and organizations have convinced me that strong influences to-day are tending toward the better. The past has not been perfect; neither is the present. Endless perfection would mean stagnation. There is great room for improvement. That is one of the reasons why I choose to remain in business.

SO MUCH OF BEAUTY . . .

BY WILLARD WATTLES

So much of Beauty I have known,
So close to Wonder pressed,
I care not where my birds have flown
Nor when they leave their nest.

Arbutus frail returns each May
Upon Mount Toby's side—
But since the time you went away
I think the stars have died.

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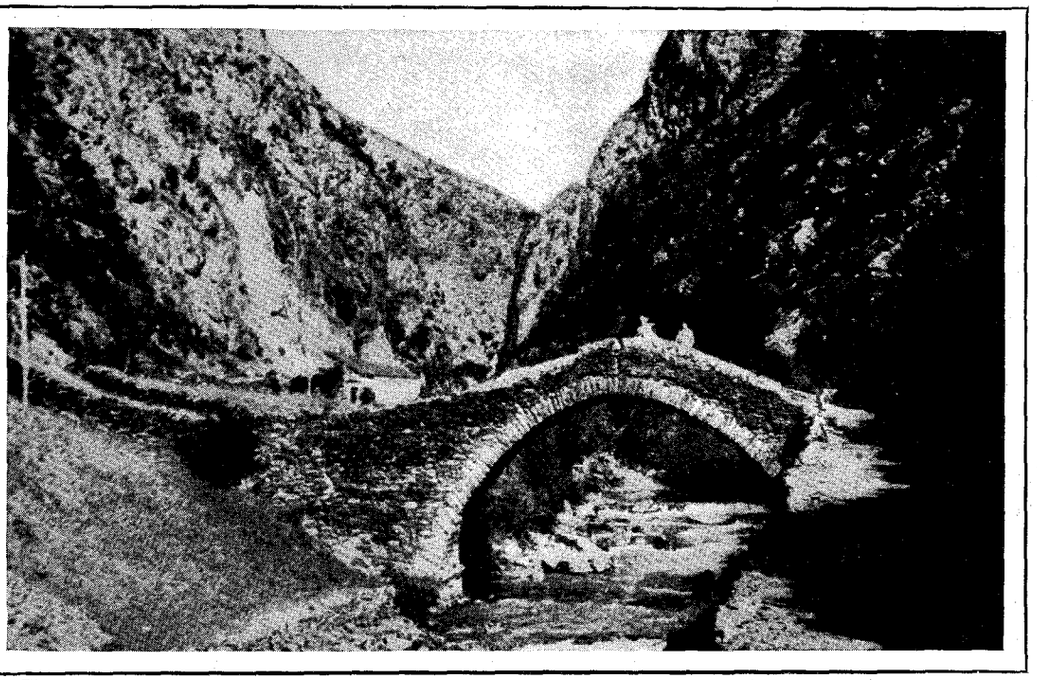
A MOUNTAIN LODGING IN FRANCE

BY PHILIP CARR



Paul Thompson

A HIGHROAD OF THE PYRENEES

WE were all sitting round the little dinner table of the inn. It was just the right kind of inn. You must find it if you can; and you will easily know it when you do, for that kind of inn, rare enough always, is rarer still in the Pyrenees, where they are inclined to ask you Deauville prices, not only without Deauville fare and accommodation—for no reasonable man would want that, even if he could get it—but without comfort or cleanliness or wholesome food or cordiality. To reach this inn you have to walk—a condition which not only means that you will eat and drink and sleep healthily and happily when you arrive, but also governs the kind of people that you will meet. To be sure you can get there on a mule, and the wives of some of us to-night had arrived this way. But any one who has traveled a day's march on a rough path on mule-back knows that the fatigue is nearly as great as in walking, and the discomfort far greater, and the traveler may be said to acquire at least the same merit.

It is a very simple inn. There are only two bedrooms—one for men, and one for women. But there are several beds in each, and the beds are fresh and clean (which will also help you to know the inn). The walls show a pleasant and reassuring whitewash, and you will find a personal and human note in many small things in the room—the old-fashioned gun in the corner, the honey stored on a shelf, the bridal crown under a glass cover, the *certificat d'études* in a frame, the various photographs (in uniform or unaccustomed short frock coat, with large hands resting on the backs of chairs, or couples staring stiffly arm in arm). If you scorn the comfort of a bed or cannot pay the price, there is the barn, where you may sleep in the straw, and this adds variety to the company which groups about the front door or gathers round the large kitchen wood fire after dinner.

The landlord spends most of his time in cheese-salting and in keeping a small herd of cows—the cowshed is part of the building. He has his walled field of hay, and he makes his own butter. But he has the honor and dignity of an innkeeper. He will give you one kind of wine only, and at the ordinary price; but it is good wine—far better than you will get elsewhere in the valley. "For of what use is it," he says, "to make a few sous extra profit if the client goes away with his stomach turned by poor drink?" And as for food, both he and his wife have discovered that the secret is to give the food of the country at its very best, and not a pale or stale imitation of the food of the town. Of course you must be prepared to eat garlic, but not to an excessive degree. And you will get eggs creamily fresh, frothing milk, firm butter with the delicate taste of the upper pastures, chicken newly killed, wild raspberries, wood strawberries with soft cream cheese (delicious combination), stewed bilberries, and honey made by bees who have sipped of alpine flowers. Last of all, you can eat the strong, rich cheese of these mountains, a cheese made of ewes' milk.

It is this cheese whose treatment occupies the landlord and his wife most of the winter. If you come about the 25th of August, you will meet great flocks of large horned sheep, strongly Semitic in profile, taking their way down from the uplands to the plain. Each flock will be accompanied by its shepherd, with a broad black felt hat, a silver watch-chain, a large colored umbrella, and a donkey. There will also be a couple of dogs. The donkey's heavy pack will include a capacious iron saucepan or caldron. The sheep will be penned into the hay-field for the night. The shepherds will sleep in the straw. But before they turn in to bed they will take their wine, and, into the night around the fire, they will sing the old songs of their country—songs of a character more Spanish than French. You will no doubt think these shepherds are poor men, but they are not. They own their flocks, and many of them have much wealth in money besides. The winter they will pass in the flat country of the Landes, south of Bordeaux. In June they will come up to the mountains. For three months they will live alone in the little stone cabins which they have built in the high hills, they will milk their ewes, and they will make their cheese in the iron caldrons. From time to time they will bring the fresh cheeses down to our friend the innkeeper, who stores them on shelves in his *fromagerie*. Each cheese is stamped with the owner's ini-

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tial, and every day the innkeeper is at work rolling these cheeses in salt, a long process, which is repeated for months. In November the shepherd comes up from the plains to fetch his cheeses. One cheese in twelve he leaves to the innkeeper as payment for the long-drawn-out salting.

Our landlord himself is a fine figure of a man—eagle-faced, large black mustache, blue shirt (I never saw him wear a coat), great baggy corduroy trousers, the rope-soled canvas shoes worn by every one in that country, which give a grip on any angle of rock, and around his waist a red sash wound several times and forming in front a sort of pouch in which he keeps various things, while through it is stuck a knife. He has the look of a stage brigand, but he is a kindly, genial soul. His wife is an energetic, capable, tactful woman, with an unerring sense of character and a joke nicely chosen for each and all of us to maintain our good humor. She has lived in Paris in her time, and she tells us that they are an ignorant lot around here. They do everything the curé tells them. You may be sure she does not intend to finish her days here, she says. She means to go back to Paris. She wants activity. But I doubt whether she will ever find time to leave. She has brought her own perennial activity with her.

They are a sturdy race in these parts. The old shepherd smoking near the door has walked twenty miles in the mountains to-day, and thinks nothing of it. He is seventy-four, he tells us, and his real trade is tree-felling. But he has given it up. Not that the work itself tired him, but he was beginning to find that the ten-mile walk home at the end of the day was a strain. That young woman carrying a baby has climbed to the inn, and at dawn to-morrow she will take the steep pass into Spain, and come home in the evening after having passed the Sunday with her friends. And this afternoon, on the way up, we were overtaken by an old priest, striding along, his soutane tucked up around his waist, his breviary in his hand. He is with us at dinner to-night, sun-browned and healthy and spare, with the smile and expression of a saint. He must be at least seventy, but he is taking two days' walking holiday to visit a colleague over the frontier. He is a man of wide reading and mind alert, as his conversation shows. We asked him if he were not lonely in his parish of mountain peasants in the winter. "Oh, no," he said, "*Il y a des âmes partout.*"

The other diners are mostly of the French professional class, with wives, nicely diversified, to match. They are all of sufficient good sense to wish to take their holiday away from multitudes and wealth and evening dress. One is a distinguished Paris advocate, who is at the same time a fly fisherman, a rare specimen in France, where thousands fish but few have the art of casting a fly. Another is an engineer who is preparing to harness the water power of the mountain—an enterprise which is everywhere changing the face of this country and perhaps the economic destiny of France. He tells us that four years ago works of this kind were carried out in the next valley by Alsatians, prisoners of war who had nominally been freed and passed into the French army and were mobilized for this special service. But they were by no means all French in sentiment, and our landlord tells how some of them used to walk up to his inn and celebrate reported German victories in loud song, and at the same time inquire as to the path into Spain, which several of them succeeded in taking. On the other side of the table is a chemist from Toulouse with his wife—frankly a dispensing chemist, with no snobbish attempt to pretend that he is not a tradesman, and with quite enough intelligence to keep his place well up in the conversational stream. Next to him there is a young couple on a walking tour. She wears a wedding ring, but from the fact that she does not know whether he takes sugar in his coffee and from other signs the ladies suspect that he is not the man who put it there; but they smile on her no less, for this mountain inn is no place to be uncharitable. Then there is a professor from Bordeaux University, very cordial towards ourselves, but making no effort to conceal his delight in stories which bear upon the hypocrisy of the English character. Last of all, there is a young officer who has come to try to shoot a bear in the forests. Bears still exist in the Pyrenees, but they are rare, and this young sportsman, like all his kind, is out to make them rarer. But he knows the mountains well, and he can tell us about them with understanding and affection, so he is forgiven.

The talk goes on, first around the door, watching the sunset, and then by the firelight in the kitchen. It does not end late, as we must all be off betimes in the morning, but no one likes to break it. For we are of much the same sort. We work for our living—except the bear hunter, and he at least has discovered the secret that some kind of laborious effort is needed to make even a pleasure worth having. We do the work which interests us, because it interests us. We choose our recreation and do not let others choose it for us. And we avoid the crowd. No doubt that is why we all came to this same inn.

THAT KETTLE-DRUM CONCERTO

BY FULLERTON WALDO

IN an editorial in The Outlook of November 30, 1921, the desire is expressed that a concerto for the kettle-drum might be composed and produced.

There is on this side of "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea" one such work, and it is in manuscript, in the possession of Oscar Schwaar, the noted tympanist of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

I heard him play it in November, 1919, in the Ritz-Carlton, Philadelphia, at a meeting of subscribers to the endowment fund of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

The virtuoso, who appeared in the rôle of soloist, had a battery of five drums grouped about him, each tuned to its own note of course, and during the proceedings, by means of his prehensile diligence at the spigots of his glorified wash-tubs he succeeded in adding a good many more thunderous overtones and undertones.

The accompaniment of the soloist was supplied by an orchestra of twelve, drawn from the ranks of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dr. Thaddeus Rich was the leading violinist in the string quintette. There were also a flute, an oboe, a clarinet, a French horn, a bassoon, a triangle, and cymbals.

When the music was fairly under way, the tympani monopolized the sound and the scene. It was fascinating to watch Mr. Schwaar sprawling over his drums—one might be forgiven for saying his outstretched kids—like a hen with more eggs than she is able to sit upon synchronously. Now he fell upon a drum to stifle its uproar, and again he pummeled it till it gave forth a "strepitant reboation," as Cotton Mather might say. The net result made me think of the printed instructions to the ancient Shaker colony at Fernside, in the Berkshires: "Roar like thunder, once a year."

Afterwards I said to Mr. Schwaar: "Where did you get that music?"

"It is called 'Der Tausendkünstler.' It means a thousand artists in one—the one-man orchestra."

"Who wrote it?"

"I don't know. Some one gave me the manuscript."

"Are there any more kettle-drum concertos?"

"Yes. I have heard of one in manuscript in Germany, and one in manuscript in England. Again and again have I written to those who, I thought, might procure them for me. But with no result."

There is, however, a concerto in print which my friend Mr. Schwaar did not mention. It is by P. Pieranzovini, and it was published in Milan by Ricordi.

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FAIR PLAY FOR THE WORLD

BY KATHERINE MAYO

"BEG pardon—what shall I say?" Schroeder stared.

"For your phrase, sir—'Fair play.' As it stands it won't translate."

The interpreter, anxious and embarrassed, half whispered his trouble into the ear of the man whose speech, paragraph by paragraph, he was turning from English into German. Meantime the audience waited, hung up in the air.

"'Fair play' you said, sir. As far as I know, our language has no word for it. Will you cut it out?"

This happened in July, 1921, in a German city, in the presence of a National University Students' Conference—a conference practically without precedent, composed of key men of the various German universities, chosen by the various student bodies themselves, and convened to consider and decide upon matters and methods affecting German student welfare.

They were distinctly undernourished, most of the lot, distinctly below their physical norm, distinctly shriveled of muscle and poor of shape. So much they already knew—and worse than that! They knew that their brains were stalling, but half supported by shabby bodies. And they knew that their sons would be meaner men than they—meaner citizens of meaner cities—unless, somehow, they hit upon a rescue.

Since the last shock of the war had shivered away into silence and left them alone with themselves, staring into each other's eyes, they had come gradually to realize something of the immediate as well as of the impending consequences of their country's crime. Already they, the coming stock of the nation, stood marked with the sign of decay.

"We must pull ourselves up," they said. "We must rebuild, or neither body nor brains will remain of the German people."

So, with unyouthful, furrowed anxiety, they took counsel of each other's fears. The thought of the old military drill, with its dumb, mechanical routine, sickened them.

"Not that!" Yet, if not that, what?

Nobody knew—until one who had been a prisoner in France remembered certain things he had seen in the A. E. F. "That was good," he said, "and the people that did it could help us now."

So Schroeder, athletic director from the International Young Men's Christian Association, had come to stand that night before three hundred German student leaders, talking mass games—games not for a few star specialists, but for everybody; games suited to the means, the leisure, the circumstances, needs, and capacities of all classes; games to raise the whole people's condition of muscle, blood, eye, and brain, of courage, good humor, cleanliness, and intelligence. And his audience eagerly, raptly, drank in every word he said till he uttered that one queer phrase, "fair play."

"We have no such term," whispered the interpreter. "Will you cut it out?"

"*No term* for *fair play*—*'cut it out'?*" gasped Schroeder, "Why, man, you'd have nothing left!"

And then, in actual truth, he had to explain to them, by figures, by involutions, the meaning of the heart of sportsmanship.

"Listen: If in boxing you've knocked your man down, you don't stamp his nose in," he exclaimed at last, "See?"

"You don't? Why don't you?" desperately inquired his audience, determined to understand, yet swamped in the strangeness of the notion that a man might refrain from taking his advantage of his enemy.

But the point, after all, is this: All that time they really were trying, determinedly trying, to understand. They really perceived, however ponderously, however dimly, that Schroeder's extraordinary theory somehow embraced their rescue. And before Schroeder left they were actually begging for instructors who should put within their reach the great Anglo-American mass games, the games that no people can practice without learning, however insensibly, the Anglo-American idea of "fair play."

"Have we time, have we means, have we interest, to teach sportsmanship to the Boche?" Ask some of us over here.

Well, if the Boche had been taught fair play before 1914 he might not have crucified kittens that their wails should lure better men to their death, he might not have maimed women, or starved and beaten gallant British wounded that fell into his power. And if canniness is our motto, have we a cannier use to make of our time, means, and interest than to spread a knowledge of "fair play" in the dark places of the world? Darkness abroad has already cost us empty places by our own firesides, heavy taxes, hungry children, bread-lines for able men.

BUT it is not Prussianized Germany only that, out of shadows, asks for light. Only last June, and again on the banks of the Rhine at Mayence, our good friends of the French army held a great athletic meet, inviting their neighbors, the several Armies of Occupation, to send contestants thereto.

The Belgians came. As to the British, Silesia at that moment had taken every soldier that could be spared from actual duty in the Cologne area, so British representation was relatively a cipher. America, however, turned out in style—did herself proud, indeed, that day on the Rhine.

But as, ingenuously delighted with herself, she romped along, winning event after event, a new and disconcerting phenomenon appeared. A large part of the French onlookers began to boo. This sort of thing was new, you see, to the average French rank and file. The Anglo-American idea of sportsmanship they had not remotely grasped. And they didn't like being outclassed.

So, they booed more, booed louder, as still America won.

Very shortly, however, that boo developed an echo, an always deeper, louder, heavier growl. And the growl rose all from one spot—from the one little bunch of Tommies (special privilege men) who had thought themselves happy to get leave from Cologne to Mayence for the day.

Now, however, those Tommies weren't happy at all. Their *hackles stood* straight, stiff up.

Another doughboy crossed the line, three yards ahead of the field. "Boo! Boo-oo!"—mooed the French, "Boo-*oo*-oo!"

And at that, on the crest of one furious roar from solid Britain behind him, an old English sergeant-major climbed on the shoulders of his friends. He towered above them, his face glared purple with indignant wrath. His voice—well, the voice of a British sergeant-major in a fury *does*, as a rule, reach whereunto it is sent.

"You bloomin' froggies, damn—your—souls, don't you know if it hadn't been for these Yanks comin' over when they did you'd jolly well be doin' the goose-step in Paris? *And now you can't even give 'em fair play!*"

Discretion demands hushing these things up. They were hushed up. Yet every American on the field that minute felt something jump from his heart to his throat that made him want to rush over and hug that sergeant-major and every cursing Tommy at his back.

Another sense of honor, you see. The French have not failed in the honor that is their own.

But to-day, even they, whose own Latin honor is to them so dear, are reaching out for the Anglo-Saxon ideal—reaching out for the cleaner manhood of body and mind developed by the Anglo-American idea of sport.

"Are you as saintly as that? Is it possible that just for a sport you would give up the joys of life?" the French contestants-to-be in the Inter-Allied Games at Pershing Stadium asked, incredulous, of American team men who refused to join them in a night's pleasure.

"You're away off. Listen. See this big U. S. A. sewed across our chests? That means we cannot hear you. We're pledged to keep in shape. We have no right, now, to fool with our bodies. It

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isn't square. Why, *it isn't fair play!*" said the Anglo-Saxons.

The French marveled. But in the event they saw the point—by the grace of their own great love for "la Patrie." Before long their Government saw it too—it and all that it entailed.

In France, as in Germany, the armistice had set wise men wondering how to build up and rejuvenate the war-sapped manhood of the nation. And in France, as in Germany, few or none could suggest an alternative to the old rigid drill schemes, relieved only by skilled games requiring but few players, and therefore never reaching or benefiting the bulk of the population. Then came the Pershing Stadium contests—the Inter-Allied Games held in Paris in June, 1919—the conception and mainly the work of Elwood Brown, then Chief Physical Director of the American Y. M. C. A. with the Army in France. Those games opened the eyes of astute French observers; opened their eyes to the broad, firm base of popular physical culture development to which the Pershing Games were as is the apex to the base of a pyramid. Physical directors working with French troops through the Foyers du Soldat did the rest. The French Government then passed a National Physical Recreation Bill and backed it by a substantial appropriation. To-day the War Department maintains eight military schools for physical education, for men of all ranks. Officers, irrespective of rank, must take the prescribed three weeks' course. Colonels and majors from thirty-five to fifty-five years old play "Swat the Kaiser," basket-ball, and volley ball with patriotic fervor and run relay races with the rivalry of boys of eighteen. Then, their three weeks' training done, they go back to pour their new learning and enthusiasm into their commands.

One result of this effort has been that last spring, for the first time in history, France was able to send to the International Olympic Games a well-balanced team, scoring for "la Patrie" 35 points in events in which before she had rarely scored at all. It is worthy of note, by the way, that the team was coached by Schroeder, since appointed by the French Olympic Committee as its technical delegate, with a mandate for all of France.

France now knows that each Frenchman who wins a point in the next Olympics should represent thousands of other Frenchmen who have striven their best, and over whose united, wholesome, self-disciplining, manhood-building, nation-building effort this one man had emerged to defend their common cause.

Nor has French astuteness permitted the effort to end here. Devastated towns now rebuilding regularly assign places for the public playground. Notably Rheims. At suitable points enormous classes of girls and boys between the ages of six and fourteen—half-starved little withered children drawn from the battle areas, children who for years knew the taste neither of milk nor of meat—are given regular eight-week courses in organized play and outdoor recreational life, rich in significance for the future. This work also has been carried on under the guidance of athletic directors of the American Y. M. C. A.

Out of the Inter-Allied Games Italy drew the same lesson. Seeing there Anglo-Saxon manhood rejoicing, glorious, supreme in its own beauty, Italy petitioned Elwood Brown for a teacher who would produce such men in Italy.

"No," he replied, "it isn't for you. You won't train. No coach of any standing will risk his reputation on a bunch who won't train."

Italy thought it over—thought of her own lamentable teams. "We *will* train," she replied.

So Brown sent Platt Adams, an old Olympic champion, then an overseas "Y" physical director. Adams laid down his rules at once and went to work. Immediately two or three men, popular athletes, broke those rules. Next morning Adams dumped them off the team. The team protested.

"Take your choice," said Adams. "I'll go home right now. Easy. You fellows will be shown up. Everything I do by day you destroy at night."

The team tried again—found that keeping to training was not as fatal as they thought; went to the Olympic Games at Antwerp, made by far the best showing they had ever made, and came home to be hailed with laurel and song—came home to find themselves no longer trailers, but visible on the map.

Through all Europe the story, whatever the outward form, is in essence the same. No one who has examined the subject could fail to be amazed at the vital importance so suddenly recognized in athletic development, at the eagerness of the general plea to America for help on these lines.

The plea, as a matter of nature, comes to the American Y. M. C. A. because of the services of that organization's Athletic Department to the A. E. F., and because of what the commanders of other armies saw and recognized of those services during and after the war.

Colonel Badelscu, chief physical training officer of the Rumanian army, watching the group-game work of American soldiers, grasped the value of simple, non-skilled, competitive play-for-everybody. As a result, he asked the Y. M. C. A. to send a group of qualified physical directors to introduce a play programme in the entire Rumanian army. Elwood Brown sent men headed by J. A. Davis, late Director of Physical Education in Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken.

Davis at once set up for army officers themselves a short-term course of ninety days—a course in the organization, promotion, and conducting of simple group sports, such as were used in the A. E. F. By such means about five hundred officers have now been trained, of whom about half are serving as full-time recreation officers in the Rumanian army. In that army the recreative-play programme has practically supplanted the old stiff calisthenic exercises formerly required.

Badlescu and Davis assisted a parliamentary committee to draft a National Physical Recreation Bill, now operating law. This law cut in half the period of conscript military service demanded of each Rumanian youth, reducing it from two years to twelve months, but *upon one proviso:* That the soldier shall be able at any time during his excused year to pass certain physical tests, proving good condition. The bill further places within the young man's reach means and opportunity to keep himself fit.

The physical result of this innovation is already conspicuous. The economic result is that Rumania each year can command the productive service of two hundred thousand more men than would otherwise be available.

Or, let us say, Rumania gains one year's time in the economic worth of each of her male citizens. This is perhaps one of the most advanced pieces of legislation recently written into any nation's statute-books.

Of Greece, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, Constantinople, Egypt, and of many another country, new and old, the story could be told with multiplied color and with picturesque incident. But the history of a brilliant phœnix sprung from the ashes of the war is too long to cram into the confines of one article. And the tale of all the Orient remains yet untouched.

The periodic Far Eastern Games, of incalculable political and social significance in the whole Orient, and therefore to the whole world, are, in fact, Elwood Brown's own child. Begun from the Philippines, they have worked out through China and Japan, with Siam, Malaya, and Java coming in, harmonizing the jealous neighboring races, instilling into them, one for the other, a new regard born of defeat or victory on the fair and friendly field of sport, showing to each nation its own weakness, whether of character or of physical habit and power, and, by the plainest of object-lessons, making clear the remedy. Replacing such lone-hand games as jiu-jitsu by games of brotherly teamwork, they tend to replace selfishness by self-sacrifice, to build character, to raise physique, to inspire national loyalty, to implant good fellowship among hostile tribes and peoples.

The Philippine Islands themselves afford a most striking example of what can be accomplished by physical education.

The Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation, in point of registered membership, is the largest organization of its kind in the world. A federation of

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eighteen active organizations, it stands guard over wholesome amateurism in athletics and inculcates a clean standard. The largest single member of the Federation is the Bureau of Education. This Bureau's system of physical training functions so efficiently that over ninety-five per cent of its pupils practice some form of play and recreation during each school day. Thus, by a means striking far deeper than any verbal precept, does it prepare the Filipino people for that independence and self-government which they desire.

Familiarity with the English tongue, advanced through sports, leads the Filipino youth toward the literature, the science, and the philosophy of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Through sports he arrives at a practical, every-day understanding of our ways and habits, our ideals and ethics. Through sports, therefore, harmonious relationships between the East and West draw visibly nearer, leading to the peace of the world.

THE Filipino of to-morrow will not be as the man or woman of yesterday. Even laymen notice the difference between father and young son—between middle-aged woman and adolescent girl. And hand in hand with physical training goes health education, entailing curious results. For example, the average Filipinos—boarders, guests, and family—sleep crowded together in one small room, behind locked doors and windows, lest their souls escape while they sleep.

"*I* can't sleep cooped up like this!" growls the boy come home from school. "If I don't get fresh air at night, I'll be licked at baseball to-morrow. And I don't believe that old soul thing, anyway!"

So, fearfully, then boldly, the elders open the windows, to learn by the venture that neither harm comes in nor good escapes thereby.

No law could have forced them to that venture. No medical teaching could lead them to it. But play, at one stroke, saves the whole family.

What athletics have done and are doing for the Philippines the Far Eastern Games are accomplishing in China and Japan. In the old days the three nations found it impossible to meet on equal terms, religiously, politically, socially, or even commercially. But in 1915, at the Shanghai games, and in the presence of from ten to fifteen thousand Chinese spectators, both the Chinese and the Filipinos beat the Japanese at volley ball!

Before the event the Japanese had evinced consistent scorn for everything and everybody hailing from "the American islands," while their contempt for the Chinese beggared disguise. Now, as an outcome of the surprise sports victory, the Japanese not only contracted a germ of regard for their neighbors, but themselves fell upon the study of volley ball as upon a patriotic duty, working at it day and night.

ELWOOD S. BROWN

In an early issue we shall follow Miss Mayo's article with one by Elwood S. Brown, Secretary for Physical Education, Foreign Division of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Brown's article, entitled "Teaching the World to Play," will show the influence on international comity and good will of the American type of athletics and group games. He will especially bring out the effect of the great play programme now in operation in the Far East. —THE EDITORS.

INDIA, however, is enacting perhaps the most curious rôle of all. India, at the moment, is reaching toward self-rule. The Imperial British Government is doing its sane, just, patient best to bring her to the very thing she desires, but in whose way India herself, with her caste system, is the one real obstacle. This great constructive task, infinitely delicate, infinitely difficult, the Imperial Government is shouldering in a spirit worth the study of the nations, using every practical instrument.

Of these instruments not the least effective is the play-for-everybody scheme of the Y. M. C. A. Y athletic men, headed by Dr. J. H. Gray, were just setting it up when the Great War washed everything out. But, the war over, they promptly returned to the job with new zest and with peculiar opportunity. Now, the Imperial British Government, as a matter of proved good policy, never interferes with the caste system. To do so would be to throw such a firebrand into the whole Peninsula as would set it ablaze with red death. Yet as a governing power Britain finds herself embarrassed in every function, in every relationship, handicapped in every administrative problem, by caste laws—laws of disunity, of scorning, of feuds, hatred, and fear. Always seeking means to lesson this baleful influence, the Imperial Government was quick to perceive and to welcome an ally in the play-for-everybody idea. And the enthusiastic athletic men are doing their part with a will.

Easy enough they have found it so to set competitive games that high-caste and low-caste boys, boys of antagonistic religions and opposite degrees, find themselves playing together on a team that defends the common fame. Arranging railway groups, industrial groups, army groups, college groups, artfully stimulating rivalry between, they bring men together, not by caste cleavages, but by personal values in team-play. And parents and friends crowd the side lines to shout for their teams as teams, while Mohammedan and Hindu elbow each other, oblivious of all but the game.

Never again can those onlookers quite recover their old feeling. Never will the youths who play together, each one depending on the rest, each doing his best for his own organization—never again will they patiently endure a rule that would deprive that organization of its star athlete because of accident of birth.

THE foremost body in the athletic world of to-day is the International Olympic Committee. With the globe for its province and its charge, this Committee closely watched Elwood Brown's war work in France, as it watched the amazing post-war sequel. In August, 1920, it formally invited Mr. Brown to submit before it a scheme to arouse and foster world-wide interest and co-operation in "all-sports-for-all"—general play.

Mr. Brown's presentation was a triumph. He absolutely convinced the Committee that by joining forces with his organization their common objective —"every man physically fit"—could be reached. But the International Olympic Committee, while possessing world-wide potential power in the field of physical development, possesses no machinery to put that power into full play. The Y. M. C. A., on the other hand, possesses such machinery in perfection, in the shape of nearly one hundred trained

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physical directors, whose major effort is the promotion of play-for-everybody, now working in twenty-five different countries and on every continent.

Committed to Brown's plan, the International Olympic Committee proceeded logically to invest the foreign physical directors of the Y. M. C. A. with full power to act for it in all technical matters connected with regional development games around the world.

These men, accordingly, are now either organizing or directing games preparatory to the International Olympics, in agreed-upon sections, such as the Far East, the Near East, Middle Europe, South America, India, and other regions not hitherto adequately represented in Olympic contests.

Nine native governors of Indian provinces have lately asked for athletic directors to teach mass play. "Why do you want to send so many physical men to India? Have you that number of gymnasiums in India?" home people sometimes inquire.

"No," answers Elwood Brown, "and I hope we never will have that number of gymnasiums there, unless as centers of community training and information. We are trying to serve all of India. We want, in a given spot, to serve not only the thousands who may join the Y, but the tens of thousands of the community. We are first concerned, not to build up our own name, but to help the whole population with this ideal. Our men undertake no operation as a fixed plan, but rather concern themselves with showing the native-born how to do his job. We offer our trained personnel primarily as instruments for teaching teachers, and so square and square again the sum of our effectiveness."

"We like this sort of thing," says the mayor of the next town.

The freedom of these physical directors to perform the task to which they are assigned rests upon just one condition—one absolutely essential condition—that until the play programme is thoroughly established as an accepted necessity of the daily life of the people among whom they work their budgets be carried in America. This precludes the possibility of limitation or diversion by local pressure or misunderstanding.

"We need this thing you have," says the ruler of some city. "We would like to employ your athletic man four hours of his day."

"You can't do it," the Y. M. C. A. Athletic Department replies. "Our man will gladly give you his services as long as you obey his instructions. You can send in a contribution to the Central Treasury, if you like. But he'll come whether you contribute or not. And you can't pay him a cent."

The idea surprises the applicant, appeals to his best side, leads him to reciprocate in honest effort an offer unselfishly made. The Y man comes. He doesn't first try to enlist new Y. M. C. A. members. He doesn't first think about the credit of his own organization. His ruling effort is bent on utilizing, for the people's good, native agencies already existing among them.

THE idea faintly outlined above is of the new gospel—the gospel of selfless service. Elwood Brown and the men working with him—men whom he has filled to the brim with his own *élan* and devotion—never let down for a moment. Through them America is to-day offered a dazzling opportunity.

The whole world now sees us, as it thinks, liberally tossing out our alms, but grudging contact, love, and fellowship. Here is a chance to better our National fame—freely to offer an eagerly sought, life-giving gift to the stricken, groping peoples. Shall we leave our chance or take it?

WHAT LIFE IN THE COUNTRY HAS TAUGHT ME ABOUT RELIGION

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

COWPER tells us that God made the country and man made the town. However that may be, there is a fundamental difference in the atmosphere of town and country that, though perhaps intangible, nevertheless produces different effects upon the minds of thinking men. At least, the effect of life in city and country has been vastly different upon my own mind. And I have had a fair try at life in country, town, and city.

In my youth I lived in a town of perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants. Nothing about my life there tended to make me religious. But that is not to be wondered at, for youth is not the period of religion. For more than ten years, immediately following my graduation from college, I lived in the heart of our greatest city, New York, alive, as only a newspaper man can be, to every phase of the pulsing life about me. And nothing in the experience of that decade tended to turn my thoughts to religion. Yet I had reached complete maturity and the height of my mental powers. Then in 1914 I moved to a small town, and for the past three years I have lived entirely in the country, on my own farm, three miles from a village. Our nearest neighbors are the Susquehanna River, which flows in front of our house, and the Muncy Hill, which towers behind it. And here my thoughts turn much to religion.

PERHAPS it is because I am growing older. Possibly it is because I am approaching the philosophic period of life. The war might even have been the cause of this change in thought. But I do not believe any one of these possible causes is the real reason. As I ponder over the matter, I believe more and more strongly that it is because my new environment invites, or perhaps challenges, the new thoughts.

Here I have ample time for reflection. As I mow in the orchard, or work in the gardens, or care for the fruit trees, or tend the berry vines, there is peace and quiet, and the mind is busy with a thousand different speculations. In the city life was one grand rush, one magnificent distraction. But the greatest difference is in the subjects for thought. As a newspaper man I was always occupied with the doings of men. Here in the country the things always before me are the works of God.

Whether I am toiling out of doors by day, or rowing on the river in the evening, or from the sleeping-porch watching the stars at night, or even glancing out of the window, always there is before me the handiwork of the Creator. As I glance up now from my typewriter, I see lily beds and clumps of iris at the foot of the hill, bordering the grass in the yard; and beyond them are hundreds of young trees in the sloping orchard, with long rows of potatoes and corn and yellow pumpkins and golden sunflowers planted between the tree rows; while back of all towers Muncy Hill. If I look in the opposite direction, I see the flashing river, a thousand feet wide, and beyond that a wide belt of farms, with the Bald Eagle Mountain rising at the rear. To the north stand rolling foothills, backed by the main ridge of the Alleghanies, while Penny Hill bounds the view down-stream. Look where one may, near at hand at the growing crops, or far away at the swelling hills, one sees the beautiful handiwork of God. It would be strange, indeed, if one's thoughts did not turn to religion.

Possibly many persons would not recognize my thoughts as religious thoughts, for the church and church-going hardly figure in them. More often come such thoughts as these: "What is life, anyway? What is it for? What is it all about? Where are we going? Why are we here?" And in the things about me I read my answer and compre-

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hend, to some extent, I believe, the divine purpose.

When I walk through the orchard and see the great red apples weighing down the limbs, I am conscious of the fact that those delicious fruits came from a stock that originally produced only tiny, knobby, tasteless apples. I know that the luscious peaches sprang from little fruits that were hardly edible. The garden is full of great succulent growths that came from tough little ancestors. When I see our cows, yielding month after month their generous flow of rich milk, I remember that the original cows, doubtless wild things of the forest, gave a meager supply of milk for a few weeks after calving and then went dry. Our own cows, animals of strong dairy temperament, we find it almost impossible to dry up when the time comes that they should rest for a few weeks. And the great horses, weighing thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds apiece, came, we know, from the eohippus, or something resembling it. Finally, take man himself—sprung, if not actually from an ape, at least from such inferior creatures as the cave men. Whether we examine the growths in the vegetable kingdom or in the animal world, the same fact is in evidence: the world is advancing by evolution.

And this is quite in accordance with the Scriptures, for we are assured that there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. We need not interpret that to mean that at some indefinite day the world is to be blown up, as it were, and existence as we know it to come to an end. We are getting a new heaven and a new earth daily.

Every falling meteor alters the heavens. Every rain-storm changes the face of the earth. To-day we plow a smooth slope of ground. To-morrow comes a heavy shower that washes great gullies in that slope. The earth is carried down to the river, and the muddy tide sweeps it on toward the ocean. Or it may be we fill with brush a gully already formed, and the storm washes it full of earth, repairing the damage done by some former storm.

Again, we see the vegetation start up in the spring, mature during the summer, and die down during the fall, to enrich and alter the soil. Or we take it off as hay, or straw, or fodder, and by so much impoverish the soil. Or, still again, we plow deep where others have plowed shallow, and turn up raw clay in which nothing will grow. Yet in a year or two the sun and the wind and the rain and the manure we have applied have changed that clay into soil. Erosion and the play of the elements are doing that same thing on all the other land.

Nothing is stable. Nothing stands still. Nothing is to-morrow as it was to-day. And things will be different the day after to-morrow. In short, everything in all the world, so far as visible evidence shows, is constantly altering, changing by evolution from one state to another; and, where that evolution proceeds in conformity with natural law, altering, we may well believe, from a poorer to a richer state, changing from an inferior to a superior condition.

For it is evident that the world is not finished, and the task of fashioning it is not complete. God started the world, completed it to the point where it was habitable, and left man to go on with the job. Through toil and struggle man is to build a better world and a better race to occupy it. In short, man is a co-worker with God, a junior partner, as it were. We shall be truly religious, therefore, as we help forward this process of evolution.

We are told that God created the dumb animals, but that when he made man he breathed into him the breath of life, animating him with his own spirit. What is it that God breathed into man? What is it that differentiates man from the animals? The divine ability to create. And what is the act of creating but working?

To make work easy, to inspire us with a love for work, God or nature has put into each being the ability, the desire, the predisposition, to do some one thing in the world. We say a man is a "natural born" musician, or painter, or mechanic, and so on. We are all "natural born" workers of some sort. To achieve the best that is in us we must discover and develop this natural bent. It is far less pronounced in some persons than in others. But beyond a question, though one may possibly succeed in a dozen different walks of life, one will succeed most notably in the line to which one is born. A natural mechanic may make a fair farmer, or an individual that nature designed for a musician may succeed as a clerk; but it is almost certain that a man will succeed most notably when he works at the thing nature intended him to do, for in that case, to use Longfellow's phrase, "His heart is in his art, and the heart giveth grace unto every art."

Perhaps it may be going too far to say it is irreligious to do that for which one has no aptitude or desire. Yet it is certainly delaying evolution. Suppose Edison had never worked at electricity. How much poorer a world we should live in to-day! Suppose Burbank had never become a plant experimenter, or Hale a peach grower, or Hood a cattle raiser, or Wright a flier. Think where the world would be. And if we run over the list and deduct the work of Howe, and Fulton, and Watts, and Babcock, and Roebling, and Marconi, and Steinmetz, and Langley, and others, the world would indeed seem like naught.

To be sure, these men are conspicuous examples of persons who achieved success by following their bents. Often they followed them in the face of poverty and ridicule and opposition, and perhaps even persecution. But the urge from within was strong enough to enable them to press on.

We cannot all be Edisons and revolutionize life on a planet. But we can alter existence in our own homes and perhaps in our own neighborhoods. Preaching won't do that. You can't superimpose progress on a man. Real progress comes from within. We must fight to advance. And we will fight and hold what we gain only when the spirit within us drives us forward.

The man who is working merely for wages is usually indifferent to his work. So he does his task well enough to get his pay; he is satisfied. And by so much he is holding the world back, hindering the evolution to a higher state, harming his neighbors. For we are all gregarious and imitative. All we like sheep have been led astray. We can also be led in the other direction. Each one of us, whether he realizes it or not, leads his fellows somewhere, and is led by them. If he is working in accord with nature, if he is following the inner urge, if he is working at his task in life because he loves it rather than to get a wage, he is leading upward; but if he is a mere money-earner his example is pernicious.

How pernicious it is we cannot know. Perhaps the effect of such a life is that of lost opportunity rather than positive harmfulness. Let us take, for example, the case of a forest hickory. It produces, let us say, a bushel of nuts. If these nuts are properly cared for, planted, and tended, the eventual growth of timber will cover acres. But if they lie in the forest, untended, a prey to squirrels, mighty few hickories will come from the crop. Perhaps no positive harm is done, but the process of reforestation is delayed. It is so with a life. Perhaps no actual harm is done by misapplied effort, but the forward movement of the world is retarded. What might be done in this generation must therefore wait for future generations.

Believing this, then, what is my religious duty? To do what I ought to do and to do it with my might. What I ought to do is what nature intended me to do. Perhaps some of us err in deciding what we ought to do. Perhaps I have mistaken my bent; but ever since I was a child I have wanted to write, and my keenest ambition to-day is still to write. So writing is my vocation. As avocations I produce pure butter and registered Jersey cattle and fresh eggs and fine fruit. And I am trying to do all these things to the limit of my ability.

Whatever we attempt, we try to do as well as our conditions will permit. But my wife and I cannot do all this labor with our own hands. That is our chief hindrance to progress. For the world is full of men working for wages, and we have had rather more than our share on

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our farm. They delay the game. They hold us back. We lose time through them. And if the success that is surely coming to us shall ever be a helpful force in our community, then these same indifferent workers, by delaying that success, will have by so much held back progress.

For assuredly nothing succeeds like success. You can talk yourself blue in the face admonishing your neighbors about their shortcomings, and nothing will come of it. But start something new and make a success of it, make it worth while in dollars and cents, and you will have imitators aplenty. That is the way progress comes in this world. It is largely a matter of contagion. Let a man but succeed with his effort, and those who came to scoff remain to pray for instruction. Recently a man came to me to buy goats to start a goat dairy. "They will laugh at me at first," he said, "but when I have made the thing a big success they will copy me."

One coat of paint in a neighborhood is usually the forerunner of others. A new silo in a farming community where silos are unknown does not long remain the only silo there. One pure-bred herd in a neighborhood means other pure-bred herds, just as surely as one sun follows another. For we all wish to progress, to advance; but many of us do not have sufficient initiative to go ahead with our ideas. Yet it takes only a *little* leaven to leaven the whole lump. And the most effective leaven is work. Let one strong man set the example and prove that his methods are profitable, and speedily he will have imitators. In serving himself he serves others, and so serves God.

For we must remember that life is like a sheet of water on which raindrops are falling. Each drop makes a circle in the water. Each circle spreads out in every direction. Soon the surface of the water is completely covered by these expanding and interweaving circles. Each one of us is a drop in the sea of eternity. And each of us makes a circle on the tide that must of necessity intermingle with other circles. The potentialities of the situation are staggering. One is reminded of the man Lincoln told about who said he wasn't greedy. All he wanted was "the land that j'ined hisn." Carried to its ultimate possibilities, either the circle in the stream or the land that adjoins a given nucleus will eventually girdle the earth. Sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Roosevelt, the circle of influence does girdle the globe. Commonly the influence is of limited extent. But it has extent, no matter how limited. Influence there must be. The mere fact of existence makes that certain. Is that influence to be for good or evil?

Every decent being wants it to be for good, wants to help rather than hinder his fellows in their evolution. But we differ from one another in our understanding of how we shall make our influence good. I have no quarrel with the churches, or the preachers, or the missionaries. But I do believe that these agencies have put undue stress upon the matter of church-going, of creed, of orthodoxy. The average minister reckons his services in terms of members added to his church and the cost of the church edifice erected under his pastorate. To me the ministry seems to lay stress upon the church and church-going rather than upon Christianity.

This is not to be interpreted as saying that I do not believe in the church or in church-going. I believe in both. But church-going is not religion. It has no more to do with religion than joining an army has to do with patriotism. Some patriots become soldiers to make their efforts as fighters more effective; for in union there is strength. Christians should join the church for the same reason. The church is merely an agency to give potency to their Christianity.

Christianity is not to be confounded with church-going or the acceptance of a creed. Christianity is the living of a Christlike life, and one can do that without ever seeing a church. It is to be remembered that though Christ spent some time preaching, he was first of all and most of all a carpenter. He obeyed that divine dictum voiced by Captain John Smith, that he who will not work shall not eat. Man alone in the animal kingdom disobeys that law. But he cannot do it with impunity. Physical, moral, and financial impairment are the direct results of such disobedience. God's order to Adam to get out and work was not the curse we interpret it to be, but a beneficent order for Adam's own good. It is God's law that we work. The evidence of that fact is all about us. And to make that work interesting he has given us our various bents.

If we cannot disregard that law without harm to ourselves, can we disobey it without hurting others? I do not believe so. Because of our gregarious and imitative habits we consciously or unconsciously copy one another. One shirker on a job will soon ruin an entire crew. Or one energetic worker will stimulate a whole gang to greater effort. One man cannot work with another without in some measure influencing him. If it be true that progress is to be made only by the slow process of evolution, and that each of us helps or hinders that evolution according as we do with our might what our hands find to do, our responsibility is at once apparent. First and foremost is our responsibility as workmen. Are we functioning as nature intended we should and are we doing our tasks to the best of our ability? Is our example helping forward the evolution of our fellows and the world?

Assuredly you cannot impose progress on the human race. To struggle upward is always hard. Preaching may perhaps awaken ambition or desire; but nothing is so stimulating to a toiler as to see his fellow-worker doing his job well, carrying on faithfully whether things are going well or ill, and weaving a worthwhile fabric out of the warp of his daily life. The very essence of religion as I see it, then, is to do your job, and do it just a little better, if possible, than it has been done before.

But it must also be done in the spirit of service, which is the soul of love, and always with a hand stretched out to help. We can accomplish only through work; but it is the spirit behind the work that determines whether the work be selfish or altruistic. We must not forget the divine command, "Let him who would be chief among you be the servant of all." A servant does one thing—he serves, he works.

One of our greatest mistakes as Christians is our interpretation of the term "the Lord's work." During the war a certain minister's wife, while helping to prepare bandages to heal wounded men, said to her fellow Red Cross workers, "It is all right to do this, but we must not neglect the Lord's work." That woman—and presumably her husband, too—had no adequate conception of what constituted the Lord's work.

Too many of us suffer from the same sort of mental astigmatism. We forget that the things in nature are the direct work of God's hands. The Bible is purely man made. We believe the doctrines of our own making and disregard the lessons of nature. We somehow think that belief is more than deeds. Yet the Scriptures assure us that faith without works is dead.

Furthermore, we have made an artificial distinction between our earthly life and our Christian existence. As I see it, in the evidence all about me, the two are inextricably interwoven. Work is the great law of nature. It was her law centuries before Christ came. It is still the great law, now modified by the Christian doctrine of service to others. If we would serve God, nature tells us we must work at the thing she intended we should do, and work in the spirit of service. So made, I believe a pound of butter may be of more worth to the world than a perfect record of attendance at the mid-week prayer-meeting.

It is my belief that we have sadly underestimated the worth and dignity of our daily jobs. Familiarity always breeds contempt. And because distance lends enchantment to the view, we have invested with a false glamour some things that we are pleased to call Christian service. If they minister to anything, it is most likely our own vanity. In my own opinion, he who does his chosen work to the best of his ability, and in the spirit of service, is really serving God in the truest sense. When I weigh the evidence before me, I cannot doubt that the essence of Christianity is work. That is what life in the country has taught me about religion.

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ON NEWFOUNDLAND'S SHORES

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER

THE FISHING VILLAGE OF BELLEORAN, NEWFOUNDLAND

A NEWFOUNDLAND WOMAN DRYING CODFISH

Newfoundland has shared the prevailing depression existing throughout the world since the war, and her fisheries have for the time being ceased to be a source of wealth for the island. Her inhabitants are simple, loyal folk, and it is to be hoped that their picturesque island home will soon again recover its wonted prosperity

From Edith S. Watson, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

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THE BOOK TABLE

VICTORIAN RECOLLECTIONS

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

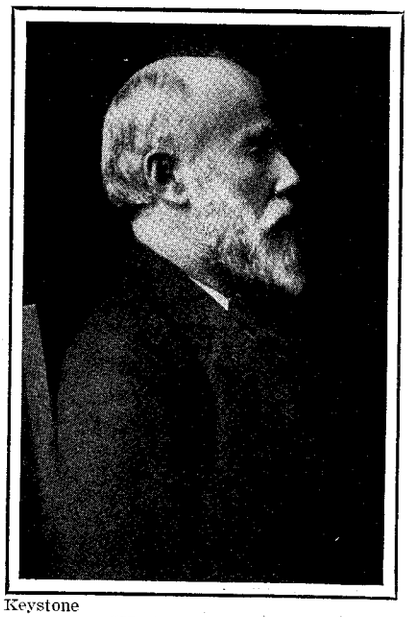
SIR SIDNEY COLVIN'S memoirs[1] have probably been awaited with no small interest by discriminating readers. They are likely to be among the last of those books, important in the byways of literature, written out of an intimate association with the most significant of the later Victorian writers, out of the personally shared experience of that flowering of the spirit which made the last fifty years of the nineteenth century so finely productive in literature and the arts.

Colvin's connection with the intellectual movement of the period was close in several ways. A scholar first and foremost, he began his literary activity as a professional critic of art, becoming Slade Professor at Cambridge when still under thirty and at a time when Ruskin held the Slade chair at Oxford. One of the interesting passages of his present book tells how, after being in his youth a fervent disciple of the teaching of Ruskin, he came to feel that Ruskin's scholarship in art was deficient because subordinated to his social theory, and how Ruskin, pained at his defection, expressed the hope that the young Slade Professor at Cambridge would not make his tenure of the chair an opportunity for inculcating views in opposition to Ruskin's teaching from the same chair at Oxford.

Personal association with the more debatable writers of the time led Colvin to branch out as a critic of contemporary literature; he was among the first to praise Rossetti's "House of Life," and his early recognition and guidance of Stevenson led to their memorable friendship. It is peculiarly difficult for the contemporary reader to revive his perspective of the later Victorian era to a degree sufficient to perceive, what is undoubtedly the truth, that Colvin in his early manhood was what in these days we should term a "radical" critic. He was of course one of those radicals whose innate taste and trained insight conferred a sound critical equipment; posterity, in confirming his estimates of contemporary writers by making these writers classic, has made Colvin seem a conservative. It is perhaps the tragedy of the critic that if his judgment be sound his dicta become in two generations part of the accepted mental furniture of culture.

To many readers who are possibly totally unacquainted with Colvin's important contribution to criticism of the graphic arts—he was for more than a quarter of a century Keeper of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, and largely responsible for the upbuilding of a magnificent collection—his name is familiar as the author of excellent brief critical biographies of Landor and Keats, and more recently of a monumental critical biography of Keats. To other readers, less familiar with the special literature of criticism, his name is memorable not as an author but as that of Stevenson's most intimate friend.

The present volume therefore raises high expectations, for Colvin, although perhaps not an important personality, is



Keystone

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

at least distinguished in his own right as a critic, and is specially equipped by his critical insight and personal intimacy with most of the later Victorians to write a uniquely revealing volume of recollections. The book, it may be said at once, has all the surface attributes of quality. It is of course well and in certain passages very charmingly written. It deals gracefully and for the most part gently, though always honestly, with more than a dozen interesting people, ranging from Stevenson to Victor Hugo, with whom Colvin enjoyed varying degrees of intimacy. Humor and the occasional salt of a certain shrewd wit lighten his touch, and in anecdote, at least, Sir Sidney Colvin has been exceedingly fortunate. The portraits of personalities all ring true, as the reader of this review may judge from the quotations which are to follow. Among these portraits are to be found pleasantly executed vignettes of Ruskin, Browning, Meredith, Victor Hugo, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, George Eliot, G. F. Watts, Gambetta, Gladstone, Trelawney (the friend of Shelley), Fleeming Jenkin (scientist and dramatic critic and teacher of Stevenson), and Stevenson himself. The criticism which plays a part in the portraits is discriminating and sometimes suggestive, but less frequently illuminating. The difficulty has been previously suggested; Colvin's judgment of writers and artists gave insight to their audiences when these men were contemporary, but the passing years have made that judgment a part of our attitude toward them, thereby depriving the criticism of any special distinction to the reader of to-day. It is probable that the book will have a documentary rather than an interpretative value; its special contribution to this and succeeding generations lies in the illusion of personal contact which it establishes between the reader and the great Victorians. But even in this special quality the book does not wholly fulfill our expectations; it is not as brilliantly or intimately revealing as Colvin's personal associations promise. In many instances the author's memory has become dim; he recalls interesting discussions, for example, but forgets what they were about. Too frequently he fails to shed light on facets of character or temperament previously unillumined. His book deals with important people, but too largely deals with them in an unimportant way. If the impressions are graceful, they are apt also to be somewhat commonplace. This is not to say that the book is deficient in interest, but merely to indicate an absent value.

The first chapter of the book, "An East Suffolk Boyhood and Some Poets," dealing with Colvin's early years and with Crabbe, Bernard Barton, and Edward Fitz-Gerald, all of whom had lived in the district of Colvin's early home, is a pleasantly written study of the effect of natural beauty on three poets. Crabbe hated East Suffolk, and delineated the life of its peasantry with meticulous truth in his verse. Barton loved it, and wrote lovingly, though none too well, of its placid beauty. Fitz-Gerald found it comfortable, and apparently paid as little attention to his neighbors as they did to him. Another recollection of childhood, extended into youth and even into middle life, is that of John Ruskin. Colvin tells us how Ruskin's mother—the families were on terms of friendship—regaled him with plum-cake and the famous Ruskin sherry when, as a boy, he was taken to see her.

"It was not until my ninth year," he writes, "that I was taken with my two elder brothers expressly to see the great man himself and be admitted to his own room. He received us raw boys with extraordinary kindness, and one thing, I remember, instantaneously delighted us. This was a scene between him and his white Spitz terrier Wisie (I think there is mention of Wisie somewhere in 'Præterita'). The dog burst into the drawing-room just after we had arrived,

[1] Memories and Notes of Persons and Places: 1852–1912. By Sir Sidney Colvin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

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and, not having seen his master for some time, leapt and capered and yelped and fumed about and over him as he sat, with a passion, almost a frenzy, of pent-up affection, and was caressed with little less eagerness in return. Ruskin then took us up to his working room, and by way of giving us a practical drawing-lesson made before our eyes a sketch in body-colors of one corner of the room, with its curtain, wall-paper, and furniture—all of them of a type which to the altered taste of the next generation would have seemed too Philistine and early Victorian to be endured. . . . During the next few years such visits and lessons were several times repeated. But the Turners on the walls and their owner's kind endeavors to interest me in them used still, I fear, to make less impression on me than the slice of cake and glass of sherry with which the old lady never failed to regale me."

Colvin tells an amusing story of Browning, to whom a lady had been reading certain verses. Browning thought them excellent, and the lady asked him who wrote them. This question he was unable to answer, and was greatly surprised when the lady informed him that they were his own. "Browning's talk," he continues, "had not much intellectual resemblance to his poetry. That is to say, it was not apt to be specially profound or subtle; still less was it ever entangled or obscure. Probably the act of speech did not allow his brain to perform those prodigies of activity by which it was wont, when he had the pen in hand, to discover a thousand complications and implications and side-issues beneath the surface of the simplest-seeming matters; complications which often he could only express by defying the rules of grammar and discarding half the auxiliary parts of speech, by stitching clause on to clause and packing parenthesis within parenthesis, till the drift of his sentences became dark and their conclusion undiscoverable. (The mere act of writing seemed to have a peculiar effect on him, for I have known him manage to be obscure even in a telegram.) Rather his style in talk was straightforward, plain, emphatic, heartily and agreeably voluble, ranging easily from deep earnest to jolly jest, rich and varied in matter but avoiding rather than courting the abstruse whether in speculation or controversy, and often condescending freely to ordinary human gossip on a level with the rest of us. Its general tone was genially kind, encouraging, and fortifying; but no one was more promptly moved to indignation, indignation to which he never hesitated to give effect, by any tale of cruelty or calumny or injustice; nor could any one be more tenderly or chivalrously sympathetic with the victim of such offenses."

There is a brief note in the book concerning George Eliot, who from the later sixties to the mid-seventies lived with G. H. Lewes in a commonplace detached villa in St. John's Wood called The Priory. This house was a specially attractive resort for Sunday afternoons. "If it had been her nature to seek equality of regard and companionship from those visitors who came about her," Colvin writes, "Lewes, I think, would have hardly made it possible. His own attitude was always that of the tenderest, most solicitous adoration; and adoration, homage, was what he seemed to expect for her from all who came about them. He never encouraged the conversation among the Sunday guests to become equal or general, or allowed one of them to absorb her attention for very long, but would bring up one after another to have his or her share of it in turn, so that if any of us began to feel that talk with her was taking an easier and closer turn than usual, the next thing was that it was sure to be interrupted. . . . Lewes, when he had cut into the talk and carried one off as I have said, would entertain one genially and kindly in another part of the room, among some group of guests either fresh from or awaiting similar treatment. If George Eliot's countenance was of the equine type, his was not less distinctly of the simian, but having its ugliness redeemed by winning smiles of both humor and affection. Besides entertaining the day's guests, or helping them to entertain each other, in groups, Lewes liked sometimes to get a few minutes' chat apart with a single one coming or going; but the subject was almost always connected in some way with George Eliot's work and fame. During the serial publication of 'Middlemarch' I particularly remember his taking me apart one day as I came in, and holding me by the button as he announced to me in confidence concerning one of its chief characters, 'Celia is going to have a baby!' This with an air at once gratified and mysterious like that of some female gossip of a young bride in real life."

To many readers, as I have said, the most interesting portion of the book will be that section devoted to Colvin's recollections of Stevenson; to many, recalling the almost unique friendship that existed between the two men, the chapter will be a disappointment. It is written with affection, with a realization of Stevenson's many-sided genius, and with a touch of critical detachment which, although it reveals the virility of Stevenson's character and temperament, somehow prevents the portrait from fusing in any totality of impression. Here is a characteristic passage:

"Did anything in life or literature please him, it was for the moment inimitably and incomparably the most splendid and wonderful thing in the whole world, and he must absolutely have you think so too—unless, indeed, you chose to direct his sense of humor against his own exaggerations, in which case he would generally receive your criticism with ready assenting laughter. But not quite always, if the current of feeling was too strong. My wife reminds me of an incident in point, from the youthful time when he used to make her the chief confidante of his troubles and touchstone of his tastes. One day he came to her with an early, I think the earliest, volume of poems by Mr. Robert Bridges, the present poet-laureate, in his hand; declared here was the most wonderful new genius, and enthusiastically read out to her some of the contents in evidence; till becoming aware that they were being coolly received, he leapt up, crying, 'My God! I believe you don't like them,' and flung the book across the room and himself out of the house in a paroxysm of disappointment—to return a few hours later and beg pardon humbly for his misbehavior. But for some time afterwards, whenever he desired her judgment on work of his own or others, he would begin by bargaining: 'You won't *Bridges* me this time, will you?'"

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THREE GOLDEN DAYS. By William S. Walkley. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

One of these three tales, "The Golden Day of Orpheus," first appeared in The Outlook, and was then warmly welcomed. The other two "Days," like the first, have the tan-bark flavor of the circus and the charm of irrepressible boyhood. All three will please children and all have the magic gift of taking the reader back to youth and fun.

WOLVES OF GOD (THE), AND OTHER FEY STORIES. By Algernon Blackwood and Wilfred Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

No recent author has approached Algernon Blackwood in fineness of imagination as applied to the unseen and uncanny side of life. In the present volume he has collaboration, but the strange and weird nature of the literary concepts seem to be one with which we are familiar in Mr. Blackwood's former work. One great merit of all his stories is that one does not feel called upon to accept any set theories of the occult. The tales are not written to convince one of theories, but to impress and hold the imagination.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT (THE). By Alpheus Henry Snow. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.

Reprints of essays on legal and political subjects, of special value to editors, publicists, and other students and interpreters of public affairs, and constituting a useful addition to libraries, public and private.

PEKING: A SOCIAL SURVEY. By Sidney D. Gamble, M.A., Assisted by John Stewart Burgess, M.A. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

This is not only an admirable social survey, but a colorful picture of one of the oldest and most interesting cities in the world. The work has been done under great difficulties but with commendable thoroughness and intelligence. To serious readers it will be found replete with entertainment as well as information. The photographic illustrations showing life in the Chinese capital are unusually good.

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PLEASE, MR. AND MRS. FARMER, ARE WE AS BAD AS ALL THIS? IF SO, TELL US WHAT, WHEN, AND WHY?

At times you have asked for suggestions and even published criticisms of your paper.

The Outlook has been one of several magazines which for years has been welcomed and read in our family circle by the grandparents, now eighty, and the children as they came to an age to understand its pages. One and all find much that is indispensable in its contents.

However, we are farmers, and the attitude of The Outlook toward the farm and the cultivator of the soil is thoroughly ignorant and at times has aroused righteous wrath among a large number of that class of readers.

A neighbor, well educated, cultivated, and fond of The Outlook, said: "I discontinued my subscription because if their information and editorials on other subjects upon which I trust their pages for facts are as inaccurate and bigoted as their views upon the farmer and his problems I prefer to know less that is not so."

From Lyman Abbott down you have the city man's arrogant notion that, from no practical experience of conditions whatever, you are abundantly able to criticise and advise those who endured more and are still bearing more than any other class of those who worked at home during war and its aftermath.

If you are not as contemptuous toward this class as you have seemed, ask their opinion of your attitude in this line. We are not all college graduates (many of our children are, despite our struggles to accomplish it), but we take time to read and think, and can express ourselves, though we seldom take time to do so, in sufficiently clear language to be understood fairly well.

Remember, all our great men did not see the light of day in the narrow confines of a city. A Farmer's Wife.

Canaan, Columbia County, New York.

PECCAVIMUS! PLEASE DON'T TELL F. P. A.

In the article "The Washington Conference" in The Outlook of October 26, page 284, occur these words: "Suppose, reader, your neighbor was avowedly a highwayman *whom* you had reason to believe would take the first opportunity to break into your house."

"*Who* you had reason to believe would break," etc.

Mr. Editor! who(m) is the *subject* of "would break," and not the *object* of "you had reason to believe."

As one of the strong features of The Outlook is its English, I am taking the liberty of writing this amiable, well-intentioned criticism.

Francis S. Sturgis.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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THE LIQUIDATION OF WAGES

BY RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

"HELLO, Bill! Aren't you working any more?" "Yes," came the reply, "but I have to take a day off once in a while to spend it." This conversation was overheard at Bridgeport about three years ago, when "Bill" was about to board a train bound for New York, and frankly exhibits the mental attitude of labor as it was at that time. The war was on and labor prospered as it had never prospered before. It simply had to "take a day off once in a while" in order to spend it; and labor didn't worry about its job because there was a scarcity of "Bills" in those days.

A different picture is now thrown upon the screen and presents a surplus of "Bills" estimated at anywhere from 4,500,000 to 5,000,000. It shows park benches occupied by day and by night even in the chilly autumn weather; and it reveals the sale of all sorts of "Bills" from the auction-block on Boston Common and at other places when the authorities permitted by the energetic though enigmatic "Mr. Zero." It reveals bread-lines, distress, and poverty such as have not existed since the stagnation period of 1913, when the army of the unemployed approached 7,000,000 and when skilled labor could be hired for far less money than it demands to-day. In the face of these conditions labor holds fast to the position it attained during the war and the after-the-war boom which carried it, along with the price of everything else, skyward.

Labor has no reason to be proud of its war record, although its leaders maintain that without its co-operation the United States might have lost millions of lives and Germany might have won the war. They say not a word, however, about the hundreds of strikes called during the war period, nor about the exorbitant demands made by Labor upon industry of all kinds.

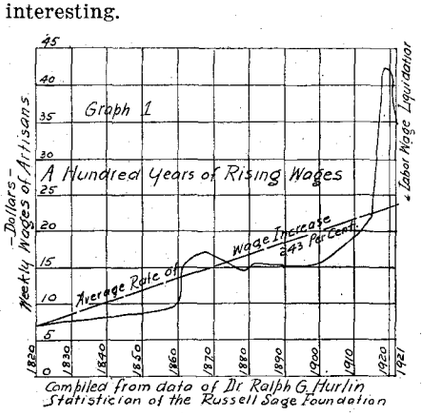
Labor has tasted the sweets of prosperity and declines to take the bitter medicine which is being administered by the doctor to every one else. It doesn't like the taste; none of us like the taste, for that matter, but we are all taking it with more or less good grace and are making the best of a bad condition over which we, apparently, have little control.

It is obvious that better business conditions cannot be hoped for till industry has been stabilized; till prices have reached a normal, dependable level; till some of the glaring price discrepancies have been ironed out; till universal profiteering shall no longer be the ruling thought behind every transaction; till business has been through a thorough liquidation in which labor shall join. That labor has not, as yet, done its part is seen from a few facts which will be presented.

The National Industrial Conference Board has kept a careful tabulation of the cost of living throughout the country since the beginning of the war, and has reduced these costs to comparative index numbers. The Industrial Commissions of New York State, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin have also kept a close tabulation of the rise and fall in wages during the same period. From these sources it may be read that the cost of living rose in the United States from 1913 to the peak which occurred in July, 1920, just about 105 per cent, and has declined, up to September 1, 1921, 21 per cent. During this time the average wages of labor in New York factories increased 122 per cent to the 1920 peak, and declined up to September 1, 1921, but 12 per cent.

No labor leader has yet had the courage to present the exact facts of the liquidation requirements squarely before his followers and to explain to them (for he knows) how absurd it is for them to expect the top-notch war wages to be maintained and still expect the cost of living to be reduced, for labor costs constitute from 55 per cent to 65 per cent of the cost of every manufactured commodity. Labor should be intelligent enough to understand that war wages were emergency wages—high because of the scarcity of labor and the "needs must" conditions that made money cost a secondary consideration. In many cases war wages were established with but little reference to the value of the services rendered because of the scarcity of "Bills."

It is a generally understood fact that the wages of labor have been gradually increasing for many years past. It is not generally known, however, what is the full amount of the increase. It is quite usually believed that the average price of commodities has been rising for a long time, and so it has—from 1896 to the middle of 1920. It has remained for Dr. Ralph G. Hurlin, statistician of the Sage Foundation, to disclose the truth of both of these phenomena, taken over a range of a hundred years of our National existence. By permission I am at liberty to use some of these findings and have reduced them to graphic form. In using the figures, however, it must be borne in mind that they represent averages only, and that the information upon which they are based has been gathered from a great variety of sources of Nation-wide scope. Their purport is to show trends, and an account of the sources of the data would be too voluminous to be interesting.



Graph 1 shows the rise in the average

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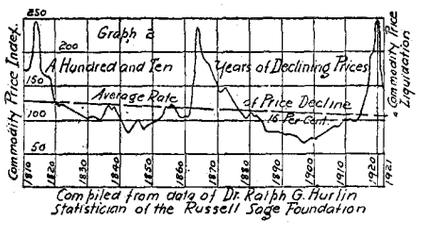
wages paid to artisans—skilled workers—in various lines of industry. A hundred years ago their average weekly wage amounted to about $7. For the next forty years this rose steadily to $10 a week in 1860. During the Civil War wages advanced to $15 a week, and continued to rise till 1869, by which time they had reached an average of $17. The next ten years witnessed a decline to $14.72 in 1879, when a recovery lifted them to a little more than $15, where they remained till the year 1900. From 1900 to 1915 the rise brought wages to $21.38. Then the war intervened, sent them skyward, and during that period and for two years afterward $42 a week was an average. Since June, 1920, there has been a decline to an average of about $35. This gives the general trend. To the diagram has been added a straight line called the "Average Rate of Wage Increase," it being a line which averages the uneven movements in wages as registered in the different years—or, in other words, "a straight line from which the irregular line deviates less than from any other straight line." This line shows that labor's total advance in wages during the past hundred years has been 243 per cent. It further shows that, if past experiences are of any value whatever, labor as a whole must come down to approximately $27 a week before it can be said to be fully liquidated. All of this refers to skilled labor. The curve of wages of common labor, if drawn, would carry much the same story, for common wages follow closely at about 60 per cent of that of artisans.



Compiled from data of Dr. Ralph G. Hurlin Statistician of the Russell Sage Foundation

Graph 2 shows a hundred and ten years of wholesale commodity prices, and is instructive for several reasons, but chiefly in that it discloses the fact that price levels have declined rather than advanced during the past century, as had been generally believed. On this graph has also been drawn the line of "Average Rate of Price Decline," which is 16 per cent during the period. It demonstrates, too, that liquidation in commodity prices as a whole has not yet fully taken place, and that this condition probably will not be reached till the approximate index number 100 is touched, which calls for a still further decline of 33 per cent from the price levels of September 1, last.

Graph 2 is interesting, again, for the reason that it shows, following the War of 1812, when price levels reached a point as high as in 1861 and 1920, that the price decline did not stop till 1842, or thirty years afterwards, and that the price decline following the Civil War did not end till 1896, or about the same number of years. If, therefore, there is reliance to be placed upon analogy, the

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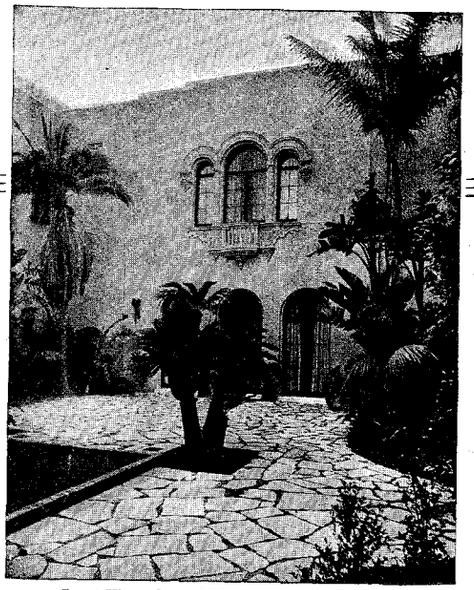

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THE LIQUIDATION OF WAGES

(Continued)

country has before it a long period of slowly declining prices, unless other influences, as, for instance, the gold situation, are sufficiently potent to upset the rule.

Studies of the course of liquidation in European countries disclose a situation similar to that existing in this country. Figures gathered by the Federal Reserve Board show that the cost of living as measured by the price of essential commodities has fallen—in the United Kingdom, 33 per cent; in Paris, 44 per cent; in Sweden, 74 per cent. In Germany, however, a different situation is seen, the cost of living being higher in Berlin by 53 per cent than in August, 1920. The first Federal Foreign Banking Association of New York has gone far in analyzing Germany's industrial and wage position and has produced some rather extraordinary results. It concludes, from its studies, that the average weekly wages in Germany in nine selected industries in 1913 were $9.22 a week, and that in the latter part of 1920 this had been liquidated to an average wage of $3.47, these figures being based on marks converted into gold on the basis of dollar exchange. It also shows that the living costs as indicated by nine commodity items have increased approximately 20 per cent.

Labor is making a strong fight to maintain and better its condition, as it has a perfect right to do. Labor unions have advanced its cause immeasurably. But labor must see, what every student of economic conditions sees, that the world has entered upon a different cycle and that adjustments must be made in all industry, including itself. It has been pointed out that the present generation has been brought up and educated on advancing prices; that since 1898 there has hardly been a break in this advance till the summer of 1920, when the crash came. Industry and labor must now learn the lesson of declining costs. It is a difficult lesson, for it necessitates a reversal in one's mental attitude—from thinking in terms of advances to terms of declines. Most of us are optimists by nature and are happiest when contemplating upward movements, because we think there is more money to be made in rising than in declining markets. This is a mistaken thought. All things are comparative, and once a stable condition is reached—a condition where a thorough liquidation has been had in all industry, in which labor shall have done its full share—prices which appear high or low to us to-day will then be considered normal; wages which seem high or low now will then be thought quite reasonable. The industrial problem must be solved by industry itself and the labor problem by labor itself. The law of gravitation is no more inexorable than that of supply and demand. Labor is like any other staple commodity, although union leaders would have us believe that it is not a commodity, but a part of capital itself, because capital would be useless without it. There is always a market

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for labor at a price, just as there is always a market for capital at a price and just as there is always capital for the market at a price. There is a demand to-day for materials and labor to build our homes, to rehabilitate our railways and public utilities properties that have been so long neglected, to carry out our great water power and irrigation projects, and in the forests, mines, mills, factories, to provide the materials and implements necessary to such projects. The price of the commodity and the urgency of the need must be the factors which determine wage schedules. All classes have suffered, and must continue to suffer, in the huge losses that have followed the unhealthy inflation period of 1919 and 1920. Labor cannot, by any possible means, hope to evade its portion of the burden, any more than capital or any particular industry can hope to dodge its responsibility. By degrees, as labor, industry, and capital adjust themselves to the changed conditions, re-employment and renewed activity in all lines are certain to follow the depression that has been present for the past year or more. But the activity will be conducted on lines of different price levels than those with which the present generation is familiar. The period of activity will arrive when stability in prices and wages has been reached.

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For years I have tried to help them, and through their fathers in prison I have come into touch with thousands of these families throughout the country. In the name of the Christ Child, I ask your help for them. Will you help me get shoes for the little cold feet, warm clothing that they may go to school protected from the inclement weather? And will you help me to get dolls and toys for these little ones who should have the right to happiness and joy at the glad season?

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AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL DEPT.

65 Broadway, New York

BY THE WAY

DR. PIRQUET, of the American Relief Administration in Vienna, makes some interesting observations regarding children's food. There are many children who, in spite of being very hungry, he says, will not eat dishes which are foreign to them or which they do not like. Furthermore, many mothers have the entirely wrong idea that food which is consumed against the appetite does not agree with the stomach. On the contrary, says Dr. Pirquet, the introduction of new foods means an education in eating, and such education is a very important thing for a poverty-stricken country. "For instance, the American beans were a new thing to the Austrian children, and in the first months we had complaints over and over that the children did not like to eat the new stuff. The result of our education was that the children became accustomed to beans, and when in the last year the Relief Administration sent rice instead of beans, the children complained just as intensely about not getting the beans any more."

The same education of the child's palate, Dr. Pirquet adds, had to be gone through with corn, and in the beginning even with sugar, as many of the children during the war were not accustomed to eat sweet dishes. There were some other things, however, which the children took to immediately, whether accustomed to them or not—these were cocoa and condensed milk; and even now in Vienna the children wait eagerly for Saturday, as on the menu for that day are cocoa, served with condensed milk, and cake.

An advance agent of a musical show, having hired a hall in a Kentucky town, asked the proprietor of the building, as reported in "Harper's Magazine:"

"How are the acoustics of your hall?"

"The which?" said the Kentuckian.

"The acoustics."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the proprietor, looking a little puzzled. "Thar was a minstrel comp'ny 'long here 'bout two weeks ago that stole 'bout everything they could lay their hands on, so mebbe they're missin'."

"Referring to the item in your column in regard to men who are still working at an advanced age," a Vancouver subscriber writes, "I should like to call your attention to Charles Quick, of this city, who is still actively engaged in making racing saddles at the age of 101 years. Not only is he remarkable for the fact that he is still in 'harness' at this venerable age, but he is so expert at his work that I understand his product is famous among jockeys all over the country. Our climate seems to favor longevity, for within the last year two ladies have died in this district aged respectively 101 and 106."

Not a hundred miles from Oakland, a Pacific Coast weekly says, a few months ago a wife lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, the sick woman called the young woman to her and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you, and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry." The young woman, bursting into tears, said: "We were just talking about that." The wife recovered.

The principal amusement in Paris clubs for men is in most cases card-playing, a new book on the French capital says. In some of the clubs the membership was formerly rather mixed, the author continues; and in one of these at one time a well-known English nobleman, having found that his pocketbook, containing several thousand francs, had been taken out of his coat hanging in the hall, hinted to the house committee that it must have been purloined either by the members or the waiters. Their answer was: "We can answer for the *waiters!*"

Many of the waiters referred to in the above paragraph grew rich, it is said, from tips and money-lending. A member of one of these clubs once called up the old head waiter and said, "Baptiste, I want a valet. Can you find a good man for me?" "Alas, Monsieur," was the reply, "I fear not. As a matter of fact, I have been unable to find one for myself."

English spelling is thus satirized in the "American Legion Weekly:"

There once was a man who for hic-
cough
Tried all the known cures he could
piccough;
And the best without doubt,
As at last he found oubt,
Is warm water and salt in a ticcough.

It was one of the busiest women in New York who, at the end of a very hard day, was picked up by an opulent friend passing by in her limousine. As the pickee sank gratefully into her cushioned seat, the picker exclaimed: "My dear, you can't guess how tired I am. I have been shopping for the last three days for a canary. I have been from store to store and, if you'll believe me, in some of the places I had to sit and wait for at least two hours for the bird I was looking at to sing!"

Old-fashioned Lady Bountifuls are not all dead yet, much to the grief of some modern social workers. Last Christmas Day, an O. F. L. B. called a big charity organization on the 'phone. The following somewhat one-sided conversation ensued: "This is Mrs. Fitz Boodle. Can you give me the name of some very *worthy* poor family? They really must be very *worthy*, you know. You see, I have a beautiful Christmas tree in my apartment, with the darlingest decorations. I have had it for three days now. I decorated it for my little Kiki and I really think he has got all the good of it that he can. So now I want to share it with some of the *worthy* poor."

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